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GERMANY.

THE German Parliament has at length been finally constituted, and its composition can now be definitely ascertained. The total number of Conservatives and Clericals is 187, and that of the Liberals is 153. The remaining 57 members belong to small separate groups, of which the Social Democrats with 13 representatives, the Poles with 17, and the Alsace-Lorrainers with 13, are the chief. The chief losers in the contest have been those Conservatives who belong to the more Liberal section of their party, while the chief gainers have been the Progressists who belong to the more advanced section of the Liberal party. If the National Liberals who retain the old party shade, and those who are called Secessionists because they have split off from the National Liberals, chiefly on the question of Free-trade, are reckoned together, the total number in this Parliament is almost exactly the same as in the former Parliament. But, as more than forty National Liberals have thought it worth while to proclaim themselves Secessionists, the shade of Liberalism in the party generally is decidedly more pronounced than it was. And it may be said generally that the whole character of the new Parliament is that of a Parliament in which every shade of opinion has become accentuated. The Conservatives who have survived are those who are most devoted to Prince BISMARCK. The Liberals are not only more numerous, but more decidedly Liberal. The Social Democrats are reinforced by five new representatives. Those who are Poles before everything have gained an accession of strength. All the Alsace-Lorrainers are returned either as Ultramontanes or as Protesters; and there is now a little band of Guelphs, as they are called, who have faith in the special doctrine that the harsh treatment of Hanover by Prussia ought to be stopped. It may be remarked that exactly the same thing is happening at the same time in Austria. There the various groups of the German party in the Parliament have agreed to forget their differences, and to form a United Left; while the Clericals have parted from the Ministerialists, and refuse to help the Ministry until they can get something substantial out of it. The very useful map of German representation published in the *Times* shows what is the local distribution of opinion in the Empire, and the results, if not unexpected, are well deserving of attention. The strength of the Conservatives lies in the old provinces of Prussia, that of the Clericals in the Rhine provinces and the South, that of the Liberals in the large towns and in the small Protestant States. Every member for Berlin is a Progressist; Hamburg returns two Liberals and a Democrat, and Bremen and Lübeck both return a Liberal. Of the Liberals, far the greater number are members of the learned professions, and naturally most of the Conservatives and many of the Clericals belong to the landed gentry. This is inevitable in a country like Germany. There are no other classes whom the electors, if they wish to return men not utterly unknown, can elect. The present Parliament may not be all that could be wished; but there is no reason to suppose it is not as good a Parliament as Germany in its present stage of political history could produce.

The EMPEROR was not well enough to read his Address to the Parliament on its assembling, and it was therefore read for him by Prince BISMARCK. The most remarkable

feature of the speech was the prominence given in it to the feelings and wishes of the EMPEROR himself. All the favourite measures of Prince BISMARCK appeared as the favourite measures of the Sovereign. It was the aged WILLIAM who longed before he died to see the great work of his life completely carried out. It was he who had a last sacred duty to discharge, and who appealed to members of all parties to help him to carry it out. His grey hairs could not go down to the grave in peace until he could take with him to the tomb the soothing knowledge that arrangements had been made for the Imperial and provincial Parliaments not sitting at the same time, that there was to be a system of State insurance, that provision was to be made for the sick and aged, and that a tobacco monopoly and increased duties on beer and spirits were to replace direct taxation. There is something at once comic and pathetic in this mournful declaration of a Sovereign very old and very much revered that he cannot die happy unless he lives to see the introduction of a new machinery for selling the humble cigars in which his subjects take such an innocent and inexplicable delight. There can be no doubt, however, that the EMPEROR, whether unassisted or under the persuasion of Prince BISMARCK, has worked himself into the belief that all the measures to which he referred are very precious to him, and ought to seem very precious to Germany. He knows the loyalty and affection which the mass of his subjects bear to him, and he may have honestly thought that, if he touched the right chord, all resistance would disappear. But it is very doubtful whether his intervention will have any effect. The Parliament knows perfectly well that the measures proposed are really the measures of Prince BISMARCK, and the Opposition at once set down the appeal of the EMPEROR as a new manoeuvre of Prince BISMARCK. And then, as each measure comes to be discussed, it must be discussed on its merits. There are plausible arguments for a tobacco monopoly and plausible arguments against it; and, when they come to be set one against another, it must seem to the disputants somewhat irrelevant to be reminded that a man, old in years and honour, but whom the monopoly cannot possibly affect, fancies he should like to see this monopoly established before he dies. An appeal by the EMPEROR to the country on any question affecting the honour or European interests of Germany would have had a very great effect; but the periods at which Parliament should sit and the mode in which tobacco should be sold are matters too prosaic and too minute for any appeal to their tenderer and nobler emotions to guide members in their practical decision.

The notion that Prince BISMARCK ought not to have announced his intention of proposing measures which it was doubtful whether he could carry may be English, but it is certainly not German. Prince BISMARCK is a servant of the Crown, not a Parliamentary leader; and he submits to the legislative body the measures which the Crown permits him to submit, and then the legislative body chooses whether it will accept them or not. He is as sure as he ever was that all his favourite measures are good, and he places them before the new Parliament as he placed them before the old. If he does not carry all, he may carry some; and those that he does not carry one Session he may carry another. It is not by any means improbable that he may carry some of his measures in the next few months. When the first vote of the Session was taken, the Government carried its nominees for the Presidency

and for both the Vice-Presidencies of the Parliament. So long as the Clericals work with him he has a majority as against the Liberals, and he can only be beaten by a coalition of Liberals and outsiders; but the outsiders are more likely to go with him than against him. When he is trying to please the Socialists, he will have the Socialists with him, and most of the Clerical outsiders; and all the Poles, and many of the Alsace-Lorrainers, are Catholics. Then it must be borne in mind that most of the objections to Prince BISMARCK'S measures are not objections to the measures themselves, but to something that is supposed to be involved in the proposals. No one can possibly deny that it is most inconvenient that the German Parliament should sit at the same time as the Prussian; but those who take pride in the German Parliament fear lest, if it did not insist on sitting every year, it might be eclipsed by the equal prominence given to the Prussian Parliament. The last Parliament did not object to the principle of State insurance; but it wished that each State should undertake the business for itself, and not that one central body should do the whole of the work. In the same way, the reluctance felt to allow the introduction of a tobacco monopoly is not an objection to the particular mode of raising a revenue so much as an objection to a vast extension of the central bureaucracy. Prince BISMARCK has come to think, whether rightly or wrongly, that the true secret of keeping the Empire together is to centralize as much as possible, and his great difficulty is to get a Parliament, the majority of which is opposed to centralization, to pass his measures. He can only obtain a majority by manoeuvring; but he has good reason for thinking that his power of manoeuvring is considerable. He knows that most of the Clericals are opposed to centralization; but he calculates that they will let things pass that they do not much like if they get concessions made to them on religious matters as to which they feel a burning and immediate interest, and they are supposed to look with great favour on the proposal for restoring Guilds over which the Church might exercise a secret, but very powerful, influence. If he can get the Clericals with him, he can also probably get many of the outsiders; and thus, even in the present Parliament, he may win successes that will go some way to compensate him for his electoral defeats. The gain to Germany of the recent elections is, not that Prince BISMARCK will be prevented entirely from getting his way, but that he will be exposed to a greater amount of independent criticism than he has hitherto received, and that the country is now conscious of possessing a considerable number of men who have had the courage to resent the bullying and the arrogance of the Ministerial party.

THE STAFFORD ELECTION.

THE importance of the Stafford election is not inconsiderable, though it may have been exaggerated by the organs of the winning party. The result may be set off against the Ministerial triumph at Berwick, leaving the Opposition a large balance of recent elections in their favour. It is true that some of the successes of Conservative candidates were attended by unsatisfactory circumstances. One or two of them had imitated the conduct of their adversaries at the general election by tampering with the Irish vote; and it seems possible that in some places they may have profited by the passing delusion of the form of Protection which was called Fair-trade. On the other hand, a counter-deduction ought to be made from the alleged drawbacks on account of the uncertainty of the Irish vote, and the doubt which exists whether the farmers of North Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire really thought a revival of the Corn-laws either possible or desirable. The excuses by which a losing party consoles itself for defeat would be more effective if they were not always forthcoming. When by-elections one after another turn against the Government, it may be probably inferred that its policy is becoming unpopular. The return of Mr. SALT for Stafford is so far satisfactory that it cannot be explained away. It is possible, though not certain, that the Irish voters obeyed the orders of the Land League as faithfully as when, a year and a half ago, Mr. PARNELL was the active supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE; but it seems that there are in Stafford only a few Irish voters, and the contest was decided by the genuine constituency. Mr. SALT, who is

an intelligent and well-informed politician with some official experience, talked no nonsense about Fair-trade. His position and character undoubtedly gave him local influence; but modern Liberalism incurs a check as often as constituents take personal claims into consideration. The managers of the party are best satisfied when their nominee relies exclusively on the recommendation of some club or committee, backed by an inevitable certificate from Mr. GLADSTONE.

The losers are estopped from the pretext that their defeat was caused by the unpopularity or other demerits of their candidate. They had the choice of several applicants for the vacant seat, and the majority of the managers thought that their best chance lay in the choice of an extreme partisan belonging to the variety which is known as a working-man. Mr. GEORGE HOWELL is, in fact, a journalist; but he judiciously continues to describe himself by the employment which he formerly pursued. The late member, Mr. MACDONALD, had recommended himself to the choice of the Stafford electors by a similar career, except that he had accumulated a property which is said to have been considerable. As a Trades-Union delegate he was accused of causing enormous mischief, both to his clients and to their employers, by promoting unnecessary strikes; but operatives seem always to prefer the leaders who represent their passions rather than their interests. The Stafford Liberals had plausible grounds for thinking that their cause would be served by the choice of a candidate who had once been an outsider. They had some hesitation in re-electing their nominee; but, having made up their minds, they supported Mr. HOWELL with laudable zeal and unanimity. One of the Government Whips was detailed to assist in the canvass; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as a matter of course, wrote to approve their choice, and to stimulate their exertions. He wanted, as he declared, more working-class members in the House of Commons, and he considered Mr. HOWELL an excellent representative of the class. It is probable that comparative humility of social status may tend to insure that implicit obedience to the PRIME MINISTER which has become the most indispensable quality of his supporters; but any other Liberal candidate might have counted on receiving a testimonial from Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not clear that these familiar documents have any effect on electoral contests; but, in case of failure, they involve the disadvantage of involving the great chief of the party in a provincial defeat.

There is perhaps a certain absurdity in the importance which is attached to the opinions and votes of the small tradesmen and workmen who form the bulk of the constituency in a third-rate borough; but, if the electors of Stafford really disapprove the policy of the Government, they perhaps represent the present tendency of popular judgment. It seems improbable that the artisans of Stafford should sympathize strongly with the plundered Irish landlords, and yet they may share the natural disgust of Englishmen at a shameless perversion of justice. It is at least certain that they are not now inspired with the enthusiasm which Mr. GLADSTONE had contrived to elicit by his unscrupulous declamations on the eve of the general election. Some of them may perhaps have resented the sacrifice of national honour in the Transvaal; but, on the whole, it seems probable that, in the absence of strong political excitement, they preferred a respected and capable neighbour to a professional agitator from London. The credit of the borough for purity seems of late years to have been re-established. Lord CAMPBELL, who more than once contested it, with the result of becoming its representative, candidly avows his disgust at the open purchase of votes in which he found himself compelled to engage. In those happy times some of the electors came to the polling-booths with five-pound notes stuck in their hats. In the course of forty or fifty years fashions change, sometimes for the better. The Stafford election may not improbably serve as a precedent for additional Conservative victories. Constituencies, like single persons, incline to the winning side. It is highly desirable to diminish the great majority which has not yet been seriously impaired. A despotic and reckless Minister becomes more cautious when it is doubtful whether he continues to represent popular opinion. Mr. GLADSTONE will not make the mistake, as in 1874, of precipitating a dissolution because he may have lost a few occasional elections; though it is not improbable that a series of local defeats may accelerate the production of the

threatened Reform Bill. It will be an obvious remedy for reaction to enfranchise new voters that they may redress the balance of the old. The counties, under a system of household suffrage, may perhaps supply the deficiencies of the boroughs.

No idler taunt has at any time been uttered than the question addressed to the leaders of the Opposition whether they would, if opportunity offered, be ready to take up the reins of government. If it were necessary to return an answer, they might fairly insist that the present Ministers should abate the anarchy and misgovernment for which they are responsible. It is true that a Conservative Government would find still greater difficulty in repressing Irish disorder. There can be little doubt that, if they had arrested the chief demagogues of the Land League, some members of the present Cabinet would be rousing the Irish to fury by denouncing the breach of the Constitution. The present Opposition, as represented by its regular leaders, has, like the Irish gentry, supported the Government from the time when it first began to discharge its primary duty. They may well complain of their inability to rely on the loyalty of some of their opponents. None of the scandals which have been denounced in the conduct of recent elections has been so outrageous as the issue, on behalf of the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, of a placard in which the authors of the document advertise, in recommendation of the official candidate, some of the most iniquitous decisions of the Sub-Commissioners. A list of the rents of several farms, with the extravagant reductions to which they have been subjected, is published as an inducement to the farmers to vote for a member of the Government which promised justice to the landlords. The bid for the Irish vote in North Durham sinks into insignificance in comparison with the appeal of Mr. PORTER's friends to the cupidity of Ulster tenants. Unless the placard is disavowed, it will seem as if a Law Officer of the Crown had not only sanctioned the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners, but taken credit to his colleagues and superiors for a gross perversion of the law. Even if the decrees had been strictly consistent with justice, it would have been unbecoming to represent an ostensibly judicial decision as a benefit conferred on a certain portion of the community by a political party. The ruin inflicted on Irish landowners, the spoliation with which English landowners are threatened, may probably have produced a general distrust of the Government in the minds of constituencies which are not themselves immediately affected. There is no doubt of the feeling with which Mr. GLADSTONE and some of his colleagues are regarded by moderate politicians and by those who have much to lose. On the other side, they may count on the enthusiastic co-operation of all the Radical Clubs in England.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

THE chief speeches of the week have not been political.

Sir RICHARD CROSS has been making the tour of his constituency, and has offered what it was expected from him that he would offer, the views of a very fair and moderate Conservative on the questions of the day. But otherwise the principal speakers have dealt with questions which are only political in the sense that, while there is a general agreement as to principles, parties vary somewhat as to the mode in which these principles are to be applied. Sir THOMAS ACLAND spoke on agricultural depression; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the difficulty of getting Bills through Parliament which are not pushed on by the fervour of party; Mr. COURTNEY on the proper management of political associations. These are all subjects of importance to the whole community, and the differences they provoke are not, properly speaking, party differences. Sir THOMAS ACLAND wishes to see the owners of life estates invested with the power of selling, either to get rid of incumbrances, or to obtain capital for the improvement of the land they retain. These were precisely the objects which Lord CAIRNS sought to attain in his Bill of last Session. Further, Sir THOMAS ACLAND wishes to see the cultivator secured in his unexhausted improvements, and no one has come forward more prominently to give the tenant this security than so vigorous a Conservative as Mr. CHAPLIN. There will be no difficulty in getting Parliament to give every reasonable aid to agriculture that legislation can give. But the further inquiry is pushed the more clearly will it appear that agricultural depression is

very little connected with defective legislation. The depression is greatest in the heavy lands of Nottinghamshire and the adjacent counties. There a custom rigidly upheld gives the tenants everything they can possibly wish for in the way of compensation. They never think of leases, hold on as long as they like, and go when they like, sure of being repaid for any outlay by the incoming tenant. But now large tracts of land are left unoccupied, because one set of tenants has lost its capital, and no other set of tenants likes to face the chance of losses in wet seasons. Legislation cannot help agriculture when it is not a question of the amount of rent or of the terms of tenure, but of a business into which men of business will not go. In order, however, that agricultural legislation may seem to have some grand aim, one set of speakers clings to the notion that a system of peasant-proprietorship should somehow be established in England. Legislation might foster such a system if the State chose to lend money to the poor to enable them to buy land. There is no more reason why the State should lend money to enable a poor man to grow corn than why it should lend him money to make bread or to carry loaves about in carts. Unless the State makes all taxpayers pay to give a bonus to one set of adventurers, legislation cannot help or hinder peasant-proprietorship. The simple fact is that peasant-proprietorship in England is a bad business. It already exists. There are thousands of peasant-proprietors at this moment in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and of all sufferers from agricultural depression they have been the greatest. It does not extend, because it would not pay to extend it. There is any amount of land to be bought now by peasants if they had the money and chose to purchase. The poor do not purchase because they have not got the money, or, if they have, they know that the worst possible investment they could select would be the purchase of a tiny plot of land on which they would have to work like slaves, and which would ruin them in the first bad season.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was entertained by the Carpenters' Company; and, after paying a tribute to the merits of his hosts as affording an excellent specimen of local self-government, he went on to say that it pained him deeply to think how very imperfect the system of local self-government is in London, outside the City. But he explained that it was of no use that he personally should see the evil, and be desirous, or even ready, to provide a remedy. He is only President of the Board of Trade; and the President of the Board of Trade cannot even get Bills such as the Bankruptcy Bill, in which all traders are deeply interested, through a Parliament which does not for a moment deny that the present bankruptcy system is full of the most scandalous abuses. Parliament cannot pass Bills which it knows it ought to pass because it is hampered by the obsolete rules of its own procedure. The correction of the rules of Parliamentary procedure is not in itself a party question. It was quite as unsatisfactory to Lord CAIRNS as it can have been to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that he could not get his Bankruptcy Bill through an overworked House of Commons. Every sensible Conservative would be glad to see the House made more efficient as a legislative body, provided efficiency was understood to mean, not merely rapidity in passing Bills, but adequate deliberation in discussing them, and an adequate power of improving them. But directly any one of any party sets himself to consider how the procedure of the House of Commons can be profitably altered, he finds that he is plunging into a very large question. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other Ministers who have Bills in which they take a lively interest, but which they cannot get passed, very naturally think and speak of the House of Commons as if it was only a legislative body. But it is not only a legislative body. It is also the administrator of the national money, and it is a court of inquiry before which the Executive is daily called to defend itself. Then, as a legislative body, it works in a double capacity. It sits to consider the Bills which the Government presents to it, and which the Government has a more or less definite wish to see passed. It also sits to consider the tentative schemes of legislation which any member may present to it, not so much with the hope of getting his Bill passed as with the object of awakening public attention to a project which he personally thinks of great importance. If from the total time during which the House sits we deduct the time given to the Budget and the Esti-

mates, the time consumed in examining the conduct of the Executive, and the time assigned to private legislators, it will be found that the period remaining for the discussion of Government measures is not at all large. That this comparatively short period should be turned to better account than it is at present is the object, not only of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but of the majority of members of both parties. But the Opposition naturally wants to know how the Ministry proposes to effect its purpose. Passing more Bills in the same time may mean doing good work more quickly, but it may also mean doing bad work quickly; and to do its work well the House of Commons must take time not only to see that a Government Bill is made as perfect as it can be, but also that it shall be sufficiently discussed to convince the country that it is wanted, and to let the country know what is being done.

Mr. COURTNEY presided on Thursday at a first meeting of a Liberal Working-Men's Association. There was hardly a word that he uttered which might not have come equally well from the lips of a sound and intelligent Conservative. He drew a comparison between the richer and the poorer classes of voters, and while he complimented working-men on their superior readiness to take the moral or emotional side on any question which permits a summary decision in obedience to the nobler feelings, he honestly told his working friends that they were sadly deficient in every question which demanded knowledge or patient investigation. On financial questions he had noticed that working-men thought the world had an inherent tendency to go wrong. Protectionists may be fools, but they count the mass of working-men in the civilized world among their members. Mr. COURTNEY implored his listeners to go to work in a new way. If they wished to vote rightly, they must learn to weigh every side of every question, to suspend their judgment, to seek knowledge from every quarter. But those whom he addressed were not only working-men, they were also members of a Liberal Association, and Mr. COURTNEY was urgent in pressing on them the dangers to which all political associations are liable. The chief danger is that the machinery comes to be thought of as infinitely more important than the objects to which the machinery is nominally directed. The intelligent working-men of Liskeard are to take proper precautions against this danger. They are not to be the tools of wire-pullers. They are to think for themselves, to decide what are the objects for which their machinery is to be used, to convince themselves by long painful thought that these objects are good, and then to use their machinery. Above all, Mr. COURTNEY warned his hearers against concentrating their thoughts on some one man and making him their hero and idol. He thought it a bad sign for France that it had got into the way of thinking that M. GAMBETTA is everything, and that Republicanism has no meaning until M. GAMBETTA expounds what it means. In the same way, while paying a hearty tribute to the great qualities of Mr. GLADSTONE, he had the courage to own that he thought it a misfortune for the Liberal party that it pinned its faith so entirely on one man, and did not study its own principles and work for their triumph apart from any man or men who might temporarily happen to be their chief representatives. This is all excellent in its way. It would be a great gain to every party, and to the whole country, if voters of the humbler class—that is, the great majority of those who have votes—would begin by recognizing their complete ignorance, would earnestly seek to be instructed, would resent wire-pulling, and would bring the utterances of popular favourites to the test of abiding principles. In itself Mr. COURTNEY's philosophical lecture was unexceptionable, and, if it seems something like a satire on the party to which Mr. COURTNEY belongs, that was not, perhaps, the fault or the intention of the lecturer.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE SENATE.

THE French Senate has not lost the courage which it showed in the rejection of the *Scrutin de liste*. It satisfied itself at that time that there were bounds to M. GAMBETTA's power, and it now seems disposed to make further experiments in the same direction. There is but one opinion among moderate Frenchmen as to M. GAMBETTA's unwisdom in appointing M. PAUL BERT to the united Ministries of Education and Public Worship, and on Saturday the Senate had an opportunity of giving

indirect expression to this opinion in the election of a Life Senator. M. HEROLD, the Prefect of the Seine, is already a Senator; but he is prevented by the fact that he is a Prefect from offering himself for re-election. Consequently the Government had either to submit to see him excluded from the Senate or to bring him forward as the candidate of the Left for the vacant Life Senatorship. Unluckily for M. GAMBETTA, M. HEROLD stands in an exceptional position towards the Senate. He has been the object of a vote of censure, and he has not pushed his respect for his colleagues to the point of resigning in consequence of that vote. Even a Second Chamber does not like to see its blame treated as of no importance by one of its own members, and the Senate has not forgotten its grudge against M. HEROLD. Either by accident or design, the candidate put forward in opposition to him was the very Senator who had moved and carried the vote of censure. M. DE VOISINS-LAVERNIÈRE is said by the supporters of the Government to be an utterly unknown man. But this one achievement was sufficient, in the eyes of a grateful Senate, to give him all the distinction required to secure his election. The section of the Left which follows the lead of M. JULES SIMON supported M. DE VOISINS-LAVERNIÈRE as a matter of course, and a few additional recruits from the Moderate Republicans assured him the victory. No doubt the particular act which had called down on M. HEROLD the censure of the Senate had its share in bringing about this result. M. HEROLD had allowed zeal to outrun discretion about the time of the secularization of the elementary schools of Paris. His confidence that the Bill would pass led him to regard it as passed already; and in this conviction he had the crucifixes torn down from the walls of the school-rooms, and carried off in cabs, in a more or less broken state. The precipitation and indecency with which this was done offended a large number of persons who would have borne with much equanimity the removal of the crucifixes at a proper time and in a proper way, and M. HEROLD has found to his cost that feelings of this kind are not invariably impotent, even in France.

The judgment of the Senate upon the policy of the new Government cannot be without its weight, even in the eyes of so omnipotent a Minister as M. GAMBETTA. The one announcement in his programme which is decided and unmistakable is the need of a revision of the Constitution in reference to the method of electing the Senate. This revision, however, he cannot obtain—"speaking legally," as his organ puts it—without the consent of the Senate. He hopes, of course, to make this consent sure by the elections which are to be held in January. A third of the elective Senators will then be renewed, and it is believed that the Republican majority in the Senate will thus be assured. Probably, however, there is just enough uncertainty about these elections to make M. GAMBETTA feel happier if the proposed constitutional reform could be obtained from the existing Senate. Sometimes the effect of election into an assembly of Conservative tendencies is to impart a share in these tendencies to the new member. To become a defender of the independence of the Senate may conceivably, therefore, have attractions even for Senators who passed for good Ministerialists at the time when they offered themselves to the electors. Even the necessity of admitting that, until the Senate has undergone its first complete renewal, it is useless to look for its support may be annoying to a Government which loves to think itself irresistible. At all events, it would be a gain to the prospects of revision if it were known to find favour with the Senate as at present constituted. Unfortunately the argument against revision is from every point of view immensely strong. A Constitution can only lose by being pulled to pieces within seven years of its first creation. No institutions, however deeply rooted they may be in the popular affection, can afford to dispense with prescription. Each year that has passed since 1875 has made the existing French system better known, and on the whole better liked, by those who have to live under it. If it is now to be revised because in one particular it displeases the leader of the Left, the public belief in its stability will be greatly weakened. Constitutions, like laws, should be "made for every degree," and the discovery that they are not made for M. GAMBETTA will not be calculated to increase the respect in which they are held. It is particularly dangerous to amend a Constitution which is still very young when there is no real agreement among those who will have to

revise it as to the extent to which the process ought to be carried. The Ministerial theory on the subject is extremely simple. The Government will announce to both Chambers what the change effected should be, and the Chambers will thereupon form themselves into a congress to accept or reject the proposal. In this way the whole affair becomes a plebiscite in miniature. M. GAMBETTA determines that he would like the Constitution modified, satisfies himself that a majority in the Congress is of the same way of thinking, and straightway asks them to say Aye or No to a point-blank inquiry. This, however, is not the view taken by the Extreme Left, or by the Legitimists, or even by all moderate Republicans. The Extreme Left are clamorous for a revision which shall abolish the Senate. The Legitimists, always anxious to embarrass the Government, can only justify the momentary coalition they wish to effect with the Extreme Left by the plea that, as a revision of the Constitution may one day or other be the means by which France will cease to be a Republic and become a Monarchy, it is not their business to set limits to the powers of the revising Assembly. The moderate Republicans, who do not wish to see the Constitution revised at all, support the wider theory of the powers of Congress, because it strengthens the argument by which they hope to show that revision in any shape is a very dangerous tool to play with.

It seems not unlikely, taking all these considerations into account, that the proposal for revision will meet with considerable opposition in the Senate—an opposition which may not be removed by the January elections. These elections will be held with the existing constituency, and the motives which govern the electors who choose the Senators have not always been identical with those which govern the electors who choose the Deputies. The Conservatives indeed may even be benefited by the circumstance that this is the only question upon which the contest turns. If no mention had been made of revision, they would have had to speak their minds on the general policy of the new Cabinet, and upon this there might have been great difficulty in arriving at any common formula which could be adopted alike by Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Conservative Republicans. It is different when the issue concerns the method of election to the Senate and nothing else. Upon this point Conservatives of every shade may be in complete agreement, and there is at least a chance that they may find the present electors indisposed to lessen their own importance by admitting others to share their dignity. The chief feature of the reform which M. GAMBETTA is anxious to see introduced is the abolition of the present equality among the communes as regards the choosing of the electors. He wishes each commune to be represented in the Electoral College in at least an approximate proportion to its population. However agreeable this change may be to the larger towns, it remains to be seen whether it is equally so to the many towns and villages which now enjoy a degree of importance in the Electoral College to which, in M. GAMBETTA'S estimation, they have no just title. Nor will he have the advantage of being able to point to any deadly sin on the part of the Senate as a justification for provoking the excitement and risks of a constitutional revision. What has the Senate done that makes it necessary to change the mode of election? In answering this question M. GAMBETTA can go no further back than his own speech last May, in which he praised the Senate as being a most valuable element in the Constitution. He must find reasons for what he wants to do that have arisen within the last six months. The only acts of the Senate to which he can point are the rejection of the *Scrutin de liste* and the insertion in the measure for secularizing the communal schools of a direction to schoolmasters to teach the children their duty to God. The votes given in January will show whether either of these measures are as distasteful to the various bodies who have to nominate the Electoral College as M. GAMBETTA appears to believe. The Conservatives could not wish for an issue better fitted to give effect to any influence they may still have with their countrymen.

SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

A SECTION of the Scotch Free Church has determined to begin an active agitation against the Establishment. Although the proposal was only resisted by a small minority, it was observed that the attendance at the meet-

ing was scanty. Twice as many zealous ministers and elders habitually take part in the proceedings when from time to time an alleged heretic deviates to the right hand or to the left from the strict lines of the Westminster Confession. Although there seems to be much difference of opinion as to the reasons for assailing the Established Church at the present moment, the agitators, and perhaps those who stand apart from the movement, are entirely unanimous in theological, or rather ecclesiastical, hatred. English critics, though they earnestly disclaim any comprehension of the delicate shades of Scotch dissent, are generally aware that Presbyterian sects differ on points of discipline, while they apparently agree in doctrine. The Free Church secession was caused by the inability of even Scotch statesmen to understand the earnestness of the objection which was entertained to secular interference and lay patronage. The founders of the Free Church, like the Reformers of the sixteenth century, held that establishment was not only allowable, but indispensable; and they and their successors have always since contended that the body which retained its connexion with the State was guilty of usurpation or intrusion. In full accordance with its principles, the Free Church has accumulated large endowments; and probably for some time it may have hoped to resume in more favourable circumstances the rights which, according both to the possessors and to the claimants, belonged to the National Church. It would seem that the expectation, if it were ever seriously entertained, has now been abandoned. Like the Irish Roman Catholic clergy in 1869, the Free Church ministers have resolved that the prospect of accession to the privileges of the Establishment is too remote to justify the further postponement of triumph and revenge.

The grounds of the animosity which is to be gratified by disestablishment, as far as they are not of a spiritual kind, are simple and intelligible. The ministers of the Scotch Church are better endowed than their rivals, and they enjoy the support and good will of the upper classes. The majority of the Scotch gentry probably belong to the Anglican Church, and a few of them adhere to the Free Church; but the Presbyterian landowners for the most part remain in the Establishment, which is also to some extent recognized and favoured on grounds of public policy and social expediency by the Episcopalians. The Free Church ministers have often complained with apparent justice of the impediments which have on some estates been placed in the way of the provision of sites for their churches and mansees. Economical and social jealousy is stimulated by approximate equality of condition, and by apparent identity of religious belief. Many Englishmen and a few Scotchmen hoped that the vehemence of antagonism would be mitigated by the removal of the ostensible cause of secession when the late Government passed a Bill for the abolition of lay patronage; but the ministers of the Free Church, perhaps not unnaturally, resent the legislation which has deprived them of their most plausible grievance. Only one Englishman professes to understand the connexion of the Patronage Abolition Act with the agitation for disestablishment; and Mr. GLADSTONE has never taken the trouble to explain a paradox which to the Free Church perhaps appears as a truism. The Duke of ARGYLL, who published a pamphlet on disruption before he was of age, and who has since followed the Free Church controversy with unabated interest, was the chief supporter of the Patronage Bill; but the tortuous ingenuity of an over-subtle intellect apparently enables Mr. GLADSTONE to comprehend Scotch ecclesiastical puzzles better than the ablest of born Presbyterians. A slight reason will serve the purpose of a revolutionary politician in search of a pretext for a second measure of disestablishment. Another bond of union between Mr. GLADSTONE and the Free Church agitators is to be found in the nickname which is bestowed on the opponents whom they respectively most dislike. For many generations hostile Presbyterian sects have denounced each other as Erastians. Mr. GLADSTONE, in one of his essays, enumerating religious parties and their different degrees of error, placed Erastians at the bottom of his list, immediately after Atheists. If, therefore, the Free Church can persuade Mr. GLADSTONE that the objects of their enmity are Erastians, their cause will be won.

One of the criminal characteristics of the Scotch Established Church is of recent origin. When a large number of the most orthodox zealots seceded on conscientious grounds it was found that the residue was comparatively inclined to tolerance, or, in sectarian language, to latitudi-

narianism. Of late years almost all the prosecutions for heresy which have been instituted in Scotland have been promoted in the Free Church Ecclesiastical Courts. Erastians belonging to Established Churches are less exacting as to the opinions of a minister who causes no scandal and who discharges his practical duties. There is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of strict enforcement of unity of doctrine; nor is this the place or occasion for discussing the comparative evils of excessive rigidity and of tempting elasticity. It is possible that the susceptibility of Free Church divines may succeed better in the maintenance of traditional Presbyterian orthodoxy than the careless acquiescence which is attributed to the Established Church; but in the impending contest the stern champions of Northern Puritanism will find themselves strangely allied with the opponents of all articles and creeds. Liberal politicians, though they will cordially welcome the alliance of the Free Church Holy Office, will not be deeply impressed with the mischievous tendencies of the wider Biblical criticism which is permitted in an easy-going Establishment.

Even a slight and fragmentary report of the discussion at the Free Church meeting for disestablishment shows that the agitators, notwithstanding their sectarian enthusiasm, are not unconscious of the anomalies of their present position. A few of them remember how CHALMERS and some of the other leaders of the secession considered the maintenance of a National Church to be the most sacred duty of the State. It was only because the Government of the day recognized a Church which had become heretical or schismatic that the dissentient ministers abandoned their benefices and their legal position. Accordingly there were several disclaimers of complicity with the Liberation Society, and with other opponents of the principle of Establishment. Others protested against any connexion with political parties, though it is evident that their sole chance of defeating their antagonists will be furnished by their employment of political machinery. For the present the Free Church even stands aloof from the United Presbyterians and from the other dissenting sects which will join in the attack on the Established Church. The bond of union which is, in the proverbial phrase, constituted by common enmities is in this case partially weakened by the cross feuds which separate Free Churchmen from professed Nonconformists. As the agitation proceeds, all the sects and factions will find it necessary to suspend their reciprocal animosities in the prosecution of a joint enterprise. That the political and economical results of disestablishment will be wholly evil is a consideration which will have little weight either with ecclesiastical zealots or with subversive democrats. Eager Presbyterians will find too late that their organization will be disturbed and their influence fatally weakened by the victory which they will assist Secularists in winning. Even the endowments of the Free Church, amounting to some millions, will be less secure when the property of the Established Church has been alienated. Some time will elapse before ecclesiastical interests are confided to the care of an English or Scotch Minister of the type of M. PAUL BERT; but the tendency of modern revolution is illustrated by the present condition in France of a Church which not long since was supposed to be national and dominant. The Free Church, with the aid of its natural opponents, will perhaps succeed in its present enterprise. Mr. GLADSTONE shares its mysterious objection to the Bill for the abolition of patronage; and Lord HARTINGTON was persuaded by the late Mr. ADAM to bid for party support by making disestablishment an open question. It is a not improbable conjecture that the expected triumph may be fatal to the Presbyterian system and to the doctrines which it preserves.

PROGRESS OF CONFISCATION AND ANARCHY.

ONCE more the winter is closing in, and once more life and property are becoming absolutely unsafe in large districts of Ireland. Last year excuse was made by the Government and its partisans for the permission of this state of things. Force was no remedy; redress of wrongs must precede punishment of crime; the House of Lords and its treatment of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill were to blame for the anarchy of Ireland. This

year no such excuse is possible. The remedy and the redress have been provided as amply as the heart of Mr. BRIGHT himself could desire; the Government have been furnished by the joint effort of their political friends and their political enemies with engines of coercion carefully selected and adjusted by themselves, and, so far from any obstacle having been put in the way of their plans for Ireland, they have been allowed *carte blanche* to loose and to bind exactly as they please. Their Sub-Commissioners are cutting away the rents of those landlords whose interests they are charged to respect, by thirds and halves; every point is being strained to give the tenants the full advantages, and more than the full advantages, of the Act; and the other courts of justice in Ireland are looking on in blank astonishment at the rapid and irresponsible manufacture of a new code of precedent, procedure, equity, and law. Meanwhile, murder and outrage of every kind are once more becoming the order of the day. It was simply owing to the bad marksmanship of the would-be assassins that murders more audacious than those of Lord MOUNTMORRIS and Mr. BOYD were not in two cases committed last week in the West and centre of Ireland. Other selected victims have been less fortunate. Nor does it mend the matter that, in at least one case, that of Miss GIFFORD, where actual murder has been committed, plunder rather than revenge seems to have been the motive. For this shows that the boasted immunity of Ireland from crimes other than agrarian is disappearing under the general temptation to lawlessness which prevails. It was, indeed, impossible that such doctrines as have been preached in Ireland with impunity, and even with profit, should fail of a more general effect than the preachers intended.

In such a state of things it is with some impatience that sensible men will receive the platitudes uttered by the less decided supporters of the Government, among whom it would appear that the *Times*, after considerable vacillation, must now be ranked. It is excusable enough for a Lord Lieutenant placed in the awkward circumstances which surround Lord COWPER to talk as he talked at Belfast on Wednesday. Although Irish Viceroy exercise a very variable influence on Irish policy, no one in the present instance dreams of attributing any initiative to the actual incumbent of the office. To oblige Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord COWPER holds a very uncomfortable, and not over-dignified, position; and, when he pledges himself not to retire from it, there is a certain gallantry, not to say heroism, about the pledge which atones for the indecision and triteness of his other utterances. English critics, however, are in no such difficult position. Lord COWPER can probably go no further with safety than the admirable, but scarcely practical, remark, "I think that this is a time when everybody, whatever his politics, should join together in the defence of civilization and authority." But when these vague copybook headings are echoed and repeated by persons on whom no official responsibility rests, the proceeding approaches imbecility. To say that "the paramount necessity of the moment is that of restoring order and of vindicating the authority of the law" might be an excellent saying if the same necessity had not been paramount and neglected for every moment of some twenty months. To admit that "what has been done for the restoration of order in Ireland is likely to be more effective in the end by reason of the delay in beginning" is simply to acknowledge misunderstanding of the present and ignorance of the past. Nor does it mend the matter to decorate platitudes of this kind with scraps of the mischievous jargon about national consciences, moral forces, and so forth, which Mr. GLADSTONE has made fashionable. The plain truth is that the Government has as yet shown neither the will nor the ability to deal with the anarchy of Ireland. A more astonishing and deplorable spectacle has seldom been presented in history than that of Mr. FORSTER sitting at the gate of Kilmainham alternately ushering prisoners in and letting them out, and imagining that by this process he will pacify Ireland. The only explanation of the trifling is either that the Government is simply disabled, and knows that it is disabled, by its past from adopting more forcible measures, or else that the clamour already raised by its own extreme supporters against the earthquake-pill of arresting suspects has daunted it. In either case, it is equally evident that the most pressing duty of the present time is in hands which are unequal to it.

How deeply compromised the Government is may be seen at a glance by looking at the proceedings of the Land Commission. There may be thought to be some signs of consternation in Mr. GLADSTONE's guarded answer to the letter which brought before his notice Professor BALDWIN's famous dictum of spoliation. It would not be surprising if even Mr. GLADSTONE's heart, though it be of the stoutest, quailed at the prospect. We are told that "No Rent" is "hateful to the people of England and Scotland"; that they "will give no countenance to a flagitious repudiation of solemn engagements." A national conscience swallowing confiscation up to fifty per cent., but choking at anything more; a national conscience refusing to see a repudiation of solemn engagements in such decisions as that in the CRAWFORD case, and that in which, the other day, a Sub-Commissioner cut off some twenty per cent. of the value of an estate bought by the holder on the security of the nation, and undisturbed by him in its rental since the purchase—this is a very singular kind of moral sense. It is not difficult to do more justice to Ministers than their half-hearted advocates dare to do. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues no doubt perceive the fatal position into which they have half knowingly and half unconsciously glided. They have set a premium on refusal to pay rents; how can they hang and shoot those whose only fault is that they mistake or decline the recent invitation "thus far and no further"? They have introduced a state of things in which, as no less a person than the CHIEF JUSTICE of the Irish Common Pleas said the other day in open court, "The action of justice is suspended, and 'Magna Charta' in a manner defeated." How are they to act with vigour against ignorant and misguided men who do not understand the exact articles of Magna Charta and the exact varieties of justice which are for the time in abeyance? The lesson of their perplexity, it is true, is one which seems hardly to have been needed. But, as a matter of fact, there is no doubt that it exists. It is possible, of course, that they may take heart of grace at last, and, throwing consistency to the winds, may act with rigour against those who, by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's own admission, have been their greatest friends and most efficient assistants in the past? But even then the Land Commission, unless the superior Court acts in a very different way from the subordinate and itinerant divisions, is a standing and perpetual incitement to the people to continue the very course which the Government are endeavouring to check. The contradiction is fatal, but unavoidable; while the still worse difficulty of having to face the exasperation of tenants who find their reductions of rents unconfirmed is at least possibly in store for them. It is idle, then, to talk of the question of the previous conduct of the Government being a "barren" question. It is not barren; it is only too fertile in disastrous results which are evident every day. The reckless conduct of the Sub-Commissioners is, in the peculiar condition of Irish thought and society, a positive and direct incitement to violence and rent-withholding. These two things, the Irish tenant-farmer may say to himself, have already wiped off half our rents; let us continue them, and we shall wipe off the other half. Confiscation and anarchy are thus connected inevitably from the point of view of the people, while from the point of view of the Government their encouragement of confiscation weakens, if it does not actually paralyse, their hands in putting down anarchy. It is indeed much to be hoped that the national conscience so often talked of will insist on measures being taken to prevent the annals of England from being blotted with a second disgrace like that of the winter of 1880-81. But it will hardly do this without a clear comprehension of the facts of the case, and that clear comprehension will show that, if it is specially the duty of the present Ministers to apply the remedy, it is because they are specially to blame for their encouragement of the disease.

THE LATE MR. GREG.

THE death of Mr. W. R. GREG justifies some notice of a writer and politician who, though he never attained popular notoriety, exercised considerable influence in his time. Mr. GREG's attention was probably first directed to political economy by his interests as a manufacturer; but even before he retired from business he pursued the study on its own account. Many of COBDEN's earlier allies and followers became and remained politicians, because demo-

cratic agitation was the most effective instrument which could be used for the removal of their special grievance. Mr. GREG naturally became a Liberal, because he desired certain definite changes which could only be accomplished by the aid of the party of movement; but in his later years he doubted whether the forces on which he had relied were not becoming irresistible and dangerous. His apprehensions would have become more acute if he had retained his vigour long enough to take part in the controversies which have thus far resulted in the Land Act, and in the iniquitous decisions of partisan judges. An economist of the last generation never thought it possible that the first postulate of the science would be disputed either in theory or in practice. The whole value of political economy rests on the assumption that property belongs to the owner, to be used according to his estimate of his own interest. The managers of the Corn-Law League contended with conclusive force that Protection was unjust, because it prevented them and their workmen from using their capital and labour to the best advantage. That the rent of land was a legitimate form of income it never occurred to them to dispute, though they objected to the artificial increase of rents at the expense of the community by vicious legislation. Mr. GREG, or indeed Mr. COBDEN, would have been startled by the proposition that rent was a tribute improperly levied on the property of the tenant.

During a long life Mr. GREG was a voluminous writer both on general and on occasional topics. He was associated with Mr. JAMES WILSON and with Mr. BAGEHOT as a contributor to the *Economist*. He wrote anonymously or under his own name in more than one other periodical; and he published several volumes on different subjects. His knowledge and his habits of business recommended him to Sir GEORGE LEWIS for an official appointment which he held with credit for several years. He had by nature both an active curiosity to ascertain the truth and a zeal to convert others to his opinion, which is of more doubtful advantage. There is something attractive and human in a sociable intellect which is never content with its own conclusions unless others can be persuaded to accept them; but a certain reserve is also not without its advantages. Young men of active minds are always making discoveries and courting proselytes; but maturer age generally hesitates to propagate novelties unless they tend to practical utility. In this respect Mr. GREG always remained young; and there is no reason to believe that he regretted the candour with which he had expressed opinions on many subjects. On questions of economy and currency he was entitled to trust to his sound grasp of principles and to his practical skill in applying theories to practical cases. Although his writings are not distinguishable from those of his colleagues or associates, it may be taken for granted that a constant contributor to the *Economist* must have done much to extend knowledge and to dispel popular illusions. In philosophical and theological controversies Mr. GREG exhibited the same earnestness and good faith; but in these departments his authority was less, and the benefit to be conferred by the publication of disputable opinions was more than doubtful. The duty of preaching the truth in or out of season, if it has any existence, must be contingent on the certainty that the doctrine is true. Mr. GREG had not attained to the fanatical zeal of a later writer who asserted that reticence on serious subjects indicated want of faith in humanity. It is difficult to understand why indiscriminate iconoclasm should be limited by an arbitrary belief in a newfangled and imaginary idol. In dealing with transcendental subjects, which he might perhaps have advantageously avoided, Mr. GREG had at least the merit of not being either a partisan or a devotee of extremes. One of his latest essays was written in answer to a whimsical contention that a future life would consist, not in the prolongation of personal identity, but in the probable continuity of the human race. Perhaps few anxious inquirers were satisfied by the assurance that, if they were not to live after death, somebody else would, with equal advantage to the world, take their place for a season. When HOMER preached the same doctrine, he compared the generations of men to leaves which decay in autumn, to be followed by other leaves in spring. Mr. GREG had little sympathy with far-fetched sentimental paradoxes.

A manufacturer and Free-trader belonging to the same generation with Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT could scarcely

fail to sympathize with the extension of popular power; but, if Mr. GREG resented the undue influence of the aristocracy, he confined his political confidence to the educated portion of the middle classes. An economist of forty years ago, convinced of the irrefragable soundness of his own doctrines, would have by preference vested political power in any class which could be trusted to cultivate utility and logical adherence to principle in disregard both of prejudice and of interested selfishness. The gradual conversion of Sir ROBERT PEEL and of those who, in deference to his authority, followed his example may perhaps have seemed to Mr. GREG an ideal instance of the most desirable political process. Some of his associates in the Free-trade contest may perhaps have valued the means by which their victory was achieved even more highly than the object which was attained. The proof of the power of numbers and of the efficiency of agitation gratified the complacency of democratic enthusiasts, while the interest of men of business and of reasoners was concentrated on the benefits to be derived from economic freedom. The shallower reformers of the time, instead of appreciating either the triumph of argument or the increase of democratic forces, attributed the successful result of the Free-trade struggle to the supposed force of organization. In the years which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws many leagues were formed on the model of the great Lancashire Association; but, though some of them, such as the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, were countenanced by Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, they all proved in time abortive. A partial exception may be noticed in the Reform League, which was created exclusively for purposes of intimidation, and which by the Hyde Park riot contributed to the success of the Reform agitation of 1867; but the success of the agitation was due rather to the energy of Mr. BRIGHT than to the obscure demagogues who managed the affairs of the League.

Mr. GREG, who had never approved of the supremacy of the multitude, drew back at an early stage from the democratic movement. That taxation and representation should be finally dissociated from one another, that the protection of property should be entrusted to the recipients of weekly wages, seemed unreasonable to a utilitarian economist who neither worshipped nor implicitly trusted collective humanity. The alarm with which he regarded the growing power of the working classes may perhaps have been excessive or premature; but his distrust of the spirit of modern Liberal legislation has been justified by recent experience. It was difficult or impossible to anticipate the quarter from which danger was to be first apprehended. That ownership of land would be disturbed before a systematic attack was made on capital might perhaps have seemed improbable to a student of Continental democracy and Socialism. The social fabric is endangered from the moment at which the right of property becomes a subject of controversy. It may be that another system is possible, or even that it is compatible with civilization; but the experiment could only be tried after the most organic of revolutions. Mr. GREG, who had no kind of faith in social Utopias, repeatedly warned his countrymen of the probable results of the democratic innovations which are so carelessly welcomed by nominally moderate politicians. He was not unaware of the inutility of warning a community that it is floating with the stream to the edge of a cataract. He accepted the reproach which might have been addressed to the utterer of evil forebodings by assuming the legendary part of CASSANDRA, though the name was not strictly applicable. The Trojan prophetess was doomed not to be believed when she foretold the fall of Troy or the murder of AGAMEMNON. Mr. GREG, on the contrary, may perhaps have convinced many disciples, but only of an impending destiny which he and they were powerless to avert. The title of "Rocks Ahead!" which he gave to one of his warnings seemed to imply a possible exercise of discretion and of skill by a pilot; but it is certain that Mr. GREG, especially as he advanced in life, entertained no sanguine confidence in the future. With his own career and fortunes he had no reason to be dissatisfied. If he was not famous, he obtained general recognition among his equals; and he cultivated and habitually exercised considerable intellectual faculties. It is impossible to measure the influence which a well-informed and thoughtful writer may have exercised during a long career. It is only certain that Mr. GREG contributed much more than his share to the instruction of his contemporaries.

MR. GLADSTONE AND SIR BARTLE FRERE.

WHEN history comes to consider the remarkable influence which Mr. GLADSTONE has exercised over England there will be at least one charge which cannot be brought against the present PRIME MINISTER. It can never be asserted that, like not a few famous statesmen in the past, he has made a mystery of his peculiarities. For many years, whether in or out of office, Mr. GLADSTONE has taken care to bring his idiosyncrasy fully before the public at comparatively short intervals. With a fairness which cannot be too highly commended, he places the documents for estimating his moral and intellectual fitness for the great position he holds before the eyes of any one who has eyes and who chooses to read. Perhaps some of the readers are so touched by this mark of confidence that they do not care to seem not to reciprocate it, and therefore refuse to examine the documents too narrowly. Perhaps the indispensable condition of possessing eyes to see is often wanting. Otherwise it is not easy to understand how there can be so much difference in the results arrived at. There is, indeed, a third explanation of the difficulty. These successive revelations of Mr. GLADSTONE's personality never fail to reveal one thing—his own undoubted belief in the rectitude of his own conduct and the infallibility of his own judgment. To a certain class of mind the following syllogism therefore becomes possible. What Mr. GLADSTONE thinks is true; that Mr. GLADSTONE is always right is what Mr. GLADSTONE thinks; therefore, that Mr. GLADSTONE is always right is true. The formal perfection of the argument is indubitable, and it seems to be, though less universally than it was eighteen months or two years ago, still generally imposing.

The correspondence published last Tuesday between the PRIME MINISTER and Sir BARTLE FRERE is the latest and one of the most interesting of these *pièces justificatives*. It is unusually instructive, from the accidental fact that even the most excitable partisan can hardly manage to regard it as a party matter. Sir BARTLE FRERE, partly by his fault and partly by his misfortune, is a person whom neither Liberals nor Conservatives have much reason to love. He did a very bad turn to the latter, and the former have behaved as shabbily as possible to him; so that, according to the general laws of human nature, he ought to be obnoxious to both. There is, moreover, an almost universal opinion in England that in his South African policy he—doubtless with the best of motives—inflicted a great injury on his country. But Sir BARTLE FRERE, like everybody else, is entitled to be heard on a question of fact; and it is a question of fact which is discussed in the long and somewhat embroiled correspondence to which we are referring. It should be said (for without accurate knowledge of this the correspondence is difficult to appreciate) that in the Midlothian speeches Mr. GLADSTONE accused Sir BARTLE FRERE of being one of "the two great authorities [the "other being Sir HENRY RAWLINSON] who supported the "Indian policy of advance into Afghanistan." Mr. GLADSTONE then went on to draw inferences to the effect that Sir BARTLE was "not conversant with free government or responsible government," and to urge that Sir BARTLE's "mode of action at the Cape of Good Hope did "not tend to accredit his advice in Afghanistan." As soon as Sir BARTLE FRERE, having served Mr. GLADSTONE's convenience (a convenience which, as may be remembered, could afford to overlook for some considerable time Sir BARTLE's "mode of action at the Cape"), was free to speak, the ex-High Commissioner wrote and published a pamphlet letter to his accuser. After this point the correspondence begins. The first letter from Mr. GLADSTONE is what may be called a vague but general request to let bygones be bygones, disclaiming the imputation of "moral error or reproach," and professing willingness to apologize if he has been wrong in any statement. This is followed by a letter from Sir BARTLE, pointing out what he has to complain of in the reference to Afghanistan. The letters are complicated by cross references to South Africa on both sides. Some of these, however, have nothing to do with the main point at issue, which is the imputation of having advised or favoured the policy of advance into Afghanistan. Sir BARTLE argues elaborately that he had never favoured that policy. Mr. GLADSTONE replies that he had "never had any reason to "believe, nor does he believe, that he was so grossly mis-"understood by any one in the country as to be supposed "to connect Sir BARTLE with the deplorable measures "taken in Afghanistan during the Viceroyalty of Lord

"LYTTON." Mr. GLADSTONE, however, "did think that Sir BARTLE was in favour of the policy of advance"; and his only object in mentioning the fact was "to give his opponents the benefit of Sir BARTLE's high authority." If he was wrong in the opinion, he regrets it; but, as to South Africa, he is not aware of having sought without warrant to treat the policy adopted there as Sir BARTLE FRERE'S. This qualified and entangled apology brings out another long letter from Sir BARTLE, and then comes the most remarkable piece of the series. Had Mr. GLADSTONE stopped at the one just quoted he would have left himself in an awkward position, but not in half so awkward a one as that in which he now is. For he now says, "I have never knowingly used any words which could convey to an unflamed mind the idea that you had advised the measures taken by the late Government against SHERE ALI." All that he did was "to admit in justice to opponents that you had been friendly to a policy of advance." Receiving Sir BARTLE'S assurance of the error, Mr. GLADSTONE is "much gratified," and if Sir BARTLE regards his "erroneous admission" as a wrong he is quite willing to "express his regret." With regard to South Africa his object was "to say as little as he could" and let that little lean as much towards Sir BARTLE and "his views as he could." Finally, Mr. GLADSTONE "has not anything to retract."

This is the marrow of two columns of small print, and a very curious marrow it is. Mr. GLADSTONE asserts that Sir BARTLE supported and advised the Indian policy of advance into Afghanistan, and that Sir BARTLE'S mode of action at the Cape of Good Hope does not tend to accredit that advice. The first statement is proved to be inaccurate—at least Mr. GLADSTONE accepts the proof by making no attempt to upset Sir BARTLE'S evidence on the subject. Yet, notwithstanding this statement and the argument built upon it, Mr. GLADSTONE has nothing to retract; but, if he has nothing to retract, he has much to bring forward. He did use the words, "Sir BARTLE FRERE advised the advance into Afghanistan"—this is admitted; but he never used any words that could be interpreted as meaning that Sir BARTLE had advised measures against SHERE ALI. The measure against SHERE ALI was the advance into Afghanistan, and the advance into Afghanistan was the measure against SHERE ALI. The terms are absolutely convertible; yet Mr. GLADSTONE admits the one statement and denies the other, even as an inference. Farther, Mr. GLADSTONE expressly used Sir BARTLE'S African "mode of action" as an argument to discredit his supposed advice in Afghanistan. This, again, is admitted. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE now says that he never sought at any time to treat the course of policy pursued in South Africa without warrant as Sir BARTLE'S, and that "the little he said about it lean as much as possible towards him and his views." It is, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, leaning towards a person's views to say that those views are so bad that they are sufficient to discredit other views on another subject. After this it is almost superfluous to notice the characteristic description of a groundless accusation as an "erroneous admission," or the peculiarly comforting and not less characteristic argument that what looked like an attack on Sir BARTLE was really only an act of justice to Lord BEACONSFIELD. All this makes the question of merit as between the correspondents entirely irrelevant, though it is not surprising to find that it has been put in the foreground by Mr. GLADSTONE'S partisans. It really does not matter much whether Sir BARTLE was in favour of the Afghan policy of the late Government or not. It is a question very interesting to himself and to historians, but of no actual importance. Perhaps it is of rather more actual importance that the PRIME MINISTER of England should deny that any unflamed mind can see in an assertion that Sir BARTLE advised an advance into Afghanistan the assertion that he advised measures against SHERE ALI, and supported the deplorable policy of Lord LYTTON. It may be somewhat remarkable that in the same breath with an acknowledgment of regret for an erroneous admission, Mr. GLADSTONE should declare that he has nothing to retract. It is curious, to say the least, that a man who has said that Sir BARTLE FRERE'S mode of action in South Africa does not tend to accredit his advice in Afghanistan should describe this as leaning as much as he could towards Sir BARTLE FRERE and his views in South Africa. This is the really interesting thing about the correspondence, and it is quite independent of the case against

Sir BARTLE and his policy, whether in India or in Africa. There would be no difference of opinion in private life about the conduct of any one who played fast and loose with facts and words in the way in which Mr. GLADSTONE here plays with both; and there would not be much difference of opinion about the conduct to be observed towards him in return. The curious thing is that the very persons who are most innocently blind to the inferences naturally drawn from this correspondence are the very persons who are most indefatigable in asserting that the morality of public and of private life is one and indivisible, and that action in both must be guided and judged by identically the same rules.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE HOME SECRETARY has taken the only course that he could properly take in reference to the St. Paul's Industrial School, and has remitted the whole matter to the Public Prosecutor. The degree in which there exists matter on which to found a criminal charge will now be investigated by the one person to whom this kind of inquiry properly belongs, and the fact that it has been referred to him relieves us of the obligation of saying anything more on this part of the subject. Whether acts of cruelty were committed in the school, and, if so, by whom, and at whose instance they were committed, are questions of which the public generally will gladly wash their hands. So long as the SECRETARY of STATE had not called in the Public Prosecutor, it was necessary to insist upon the grave character of the charges brought, and the apparent force of the evidence alleged in support of them. Now that these facts have been admitted, and are about to be acted on by the officer whom they most nearly concern, the matter may be safely left in his hands.

Two other questions, however, still call for further consideration. The first is the responsibility of the London School Board for what has taken place. It has been angrily denied that this body has any responsibility whatever as regards industrial schools. The inspection of these schools, it is said, belongs to the Home Secretary, not to the School Board. If he, with the requisite staff at his command, was unable to discover what was going on in St. Paul's School, how can the London School Board, which has no such staff at its disposal, be chargeable with negligence for not detecting what escaped Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT? The London School Board, as not infrequently happens in these cases, entirely mistake the nature and occasion of the censure that has been passed upon them. In our judgment there can be no doubt that they have been very greatly to blame in this business; but we willingly concede that the responsibility for what went on in the school rests upon the HOME SECRETARY and not upon the London School Board. He, not they, was the person who ought to have been kept informed of the character of the school and of the condition of the boys who were kept there. It is not because they were not informed about the school that the London School Board deserve grave censure; it is because, when the need of making themselves informed was brought home to them by circumstances, they paid no regard to it. It was natural that in the first outburst of public indignation the distinction between these charges should have been obscured. It was seen that the Board was greatly in the wrong at that moment; it was not seen at what precise point in the matter the Board had become wrong. The controversy that followed, passionate as it has been, has at least done away with this confusion. The Board may fairly be acquitted on the charge of having allowed abuses to exist which they had the means of checking. The Industrial Schools Committee, which has earned such unenviable notoriety, was not an inspecting body; it was simply a body charged with the transfer of children to industrial schools under the authority of the Board, and with the provision of additional schools in the event of those in being proving inadequate to the demand for accommodation in them. As such, the Committee was no more bound to see that the schools chosen were properly managed than the magistrate who sends a child to a reformatory is bound to consider whether the discipline he will there undergo is likely to reform him. But, when all this has been acknowledged, there remains quite enough to charge the Board with. As has already been pointed out, they stood to the children

they had sent to these schools in the relation of guardian to ward. They were exempted from the duty of making inquiry as to the character of each particular school, and as to the treatment the children underwent there, by the fact that all the schools had the certificate of the Home Office, were inspected by its officers, and had presumably borne that inspection satisfactorily. But they were not exempted from the duty of making inquiry as to the truth of specific charges against a particular school when these charges were brought before them, and, indeed, eagerly pressed upon them. To repeat an illustration formerly used, no one would blame a guardian if, having to send his wards to school, he chose a public school of good repute, without himself investigating the foundation of the character it bore. But if specific charges of cruelty were brought against the school at which he had placed his wards, and he refused or delayed to satisfy himself as to the truth of them, he would be very properly blamed. The London School Board had had notice that all was possibly not right with the St. Paul's Industrial School. They had had that notice in the remarks of the magistrate in dealing with the boys accused of setting fire to the school, and later on they had had it in the statements laid before them by Mrs. SURE. Their plain duty, on becoming acquainted with these causes of suspicion, was at once, either by themselves or by appeal to the HOME SECRETARY, to institute the necessary investigation. Instead of this, they did their best to keep the matter from the notice of the HOME SECRETARY by rescinding the motion to submit it to him, and they were late and languid in taking the duty upon themselves. This is the real ground on which the London School Board merits censure. Its members were loth to recognize—many of them possibly have not yet recognized—that they owed any duty whatever to the possible victims of the cruelties alleged to be practised in St. Paul's School. This unwillingness is so extraordinary that it can only be explained by the hypothesis suggested last week. The need for inquiry was discovered, and the obligation to undertake it pressed upon the Board, by the wrong people. If Mrs. SURE had belonged to the majority, all would have gone well. She belonged to the minority, and all went ill. If the London School Board wish to regain the confidence of the public, they will show some appreciation of the duty they neglected, and some regret for having been led away into neglecting it.

A still wider issue is raised by the last two paragraphs of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's letter to the Board. He admits that sufficient defects have been discovered in the particular school which has been under consideration to throw doubt upon the management of other similar schools. If these defects could go on undetected in one industrial school, they may remain equally undetected in another. The possibility of this has been confirmed by the discovery that equally gross abuses are complained of in an industrial school at Glasgow. It is evident, indeed, that the peculiar conditions of an industrial school lend themselves very readily to cruel treatment. The children sent to these schools are usually of a specially unmanageable type. They need to be treated with a good deal of strictness, and at times with a good deal of severity; and strictness and severity, when they have to be shown by unwise or incompetent people, may very easily degenerate into cruelty. The safeguards which exist in ordinary elementary schools are wanting here. The schools are boarding schools, not day schools; so that the intercourse between parent and child, which in ordinary elementary schools is suspended only during the time when a child is actually at school, is in the industrial schools suspended altogether. The children have no one to whom to complain of ill-usage—no one who is likely to find out, even if no complaint is made, that ill-usage has been practised. The only persons who have any opportunity of making discoveries on this point are the Government Inspectors, and it is to them that up to this time the public has looked to see that these schools have been rightly managed. They now learn that the inspection in question is of an extremely imperfect kind, and that the large number of schools makes it impossible for the present staff to introduce any effectual improvement. It is not wonderful that this discovery has greatly disturbed a large number of people. The idea of an industrial school is an excellent one. It seems to meet a want which can be met equally well in no other way. Consequently, money has been freely spent by charit-

able persons in setting up such schools, and by the rate-payers in supporting them when set up. There are reasons which make it desirable that no radical change should be introduced into the system under which these schools are maintained. In a boarding school, for example, it is impossible to put aside the religious difficulty. The managers of the school have the entire charge of the children, and, if they do not make provision for religious instruction, no religious instruction will be given. Nor, judging from the recent action of the London School Board, is there any ground to infer that, if School Boards were substituted for charitably disposed individuals as the managers of industrial schools, things would of necessity be any better. The two things that seem to be needed, if the present system is to be retained, are provision for the appointment of an adequate staff of managers and for the adequate inspection of the school as carried on by these managers. At St. Paul's School the first of these conditions did not exist, for the sole manager was Mr. SCRUTTON, while the second, as we are told by the SECRETARY of STATE himself, does not exist at any industrial school. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT need bring forward no further evidence to establish his position, that "the time has come when the whole matter should be submitted to the investigation of an important and independent authority."

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

THERE is an English proverb to the effect that one swallow cannot make a summer, but what is beyond the capacities of a swallow may be possible to a Saint. There are at all events two of the saintly company who are credited in England, and we believe elsewhere also, with the pleasant prerogative of making, or restoring, a summer that is already fled, though they do not unfortunately deign to exercise this prerogative as often as might be desired, and still seldomer do they both combine during the same autumn to put forth their beneficent powers. This year, however, it may fairly be said that we have had a St. Luke's summer and a St. Martin's summer in quick succession, but with a sufficient interval between them—about All Saints' Day—to preclude any risk of those jealousies from which even "celestial minds" are alleged not to be always free as to who might claim the dispensation of the charmingly unseasonable warmth. But if no rivalry is possible in this case between St. Luke and St. Martin, there is a further question, which has much exercised and in fact hopelessly confused one of our evening contemporaries, as to which St. Martin has a rightful claim on our gratitude. For it so happens that in the Roman Calendar there is a St. Martin, Confessor, on the eleventh, and another St. Martin, Pope and Martyr, on the twelfth, of November. And our contemporary, not being perhaps very deeply versed in ecclesiastical history, and naturally supposing that a Pope and Martyr must be a greater personage than a Confessor, somewhat rashly concluded that the St. Martin of November 12 had sent us the genial weather we have all lately been enjoying. That, however, is not at all the case. We hope we entertain a proper respect for Popes and Martyrs, and Pope Martin I., as may be gathered from Milman's account of his persecution by the Monothelite Emperor Constans, was a man well deserving respect and sympathy, though it is only by a little stretching the term that he can be called a martyr, as he died from the cruel treatment he had received in his exile at Cherson. Nevertheless, it is not St. Martin, Pope and Martyr, commemorated in the Roman Calendar on November 12, who confers its designation either on Martinmas or St. Martin's summer, but his far more celebrated namesake, St. Martin of Tours, who figures as well in the Anglican as in the Roman Calendar on November 11. Nor is much additional light thrown on the matter by elaborately confounding Martin I., who is the martyr honoured on November 12, with his successor of seven centuries later, Martin IV., the French Cardinal who was elected Pope at Viterbo in 1280. The death or martyrdom of Martin I. occurred in 655, not—as the evening journalist imagined—nine centuries, but two centuries and a half after St. Martin of Tours, who died in 597.

"Who has not heard of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and Confessor?" are the opening words of Cardinal Newman's sketch of his life, originally published forty years ago in the *Church of the Fathers*. Alban Butler begins in similar terms his life of "the great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul and the light of the Western Church." And indeed from the very first his name was widely honoured in the Church, and especially in England, where even in British times there was—as there still is—a church dedicated to him at Canterbury, in which Bertha, the Christian Queen of Ethelbert, had been accustomed to worship before the arrival of St. Augustine. The large number of churches dedicated in his honour both in England and throughout Europe generally, from the time when first a chapel and soon afterwards a Cathedral was built over his tomb at Tours, which lasted on as restored by Clothair till the French Revolution, would alone sufficiently attest the prevalence and permanence of this sentiment. Moreover he alone of Confessors had a service of his own in the more ancient

breviaries, and had his name inserted by Gregory the Great with those of certain Apostles and Martyrs, in the Canon of the Mass. Nor are there many, even of the most famous of the old Christian saints, whose life has come down to us on testimony so trustworthy and precise, as his biographer, Sulpicius Severus, was a disciple, eyewitness, and intimate friend. Milman indeed complains of his credulity in miraculous matters, which however he only shared with his contemporaries, but fully admits his "polished and classical style," on which Cardinal Newman also dwells. Martin was born in Pannonia of heathen parents in 316, and brought up at Pavia in Italy; his father was a soldier, and he himself served some years in the army, but became in early youth a convert to Christianity. At the age of about fifty, he came to Poitiers and established there what is said to have been the first monastic institution in France; and in 372 he was made Bishop of Tours, about the same time that St. Ambrose was elected to the see of Milan. His diocese appears to have been of wide, perhaps not very definitely limited extent, and Gaul was at that period still an almost pagan country; the cities indeed had been evangelized, but the country folk—the *pagani*—still adhered to their old idolatries. The heathen sacrifices were, however, about this time forbidden by law, and there does not seem to have been much resistance to the edict. Martin, at all events, was very successful in his missionary labours among the people, and persuaded them in many cases to join with him in the destruction of their temples and images. But he was to become yet more conspicuous for his courage in dealing with the usurping Emperor Maximus, and that too as the champion, not of heresy—for he was a zealous preacher of the orthodox faith—but of heretics against that persecuting policy of which Maximus set what Milman calls "a fatal precedent" disowned at the time by the general voice of the Christian Church. Martin had already on first coming to Trèves, where Maximus had established his court, refused to hold any intercourse with him till after his solemn assurance that he had only reluctantly assumed the imperial power imposed on him by the army, and had slain no enemy except on the battlefield. The Emperor seems to have thought that a zeal for orthodoxy, which certainly was not according to knowledge, might help to condone if not to conceal his more than doubtful antecedents, and he thereby gave occasion for the two most distinguished prelates of the day, both afterwards revered as saints, St. Martin himself and St. Ambrose, to pronounce by anticipation an emphatic censure on the evil system so portentously exemplified in the establishment of the Inquisition.

The facts, briefly stated, are these. The Priscillianists, a Spanish sect who had revived some form of Gnostic or Manichean heresy and had been condemned by a local Council under the presidency of Ithacius, contrived to get its sentence reversed by an edict of the Emperor Gratian, and Ithacius had to leave the country in consequence. But after the death of Gratian he promptly repaired to Trèves and appealed to the new Emperor, who summoned the heretics to appear before his tribunal, and in spite of Martin's energetic remonstrances, had them tried and executed after Martin's departure. A solemn protest against these proceedings was entered eventually by Sirenus, then Pope, as well as by St. Ambrose, and Ithacius was deposed and excommunicated. But our immediate concern here is with St. Martin. In the following year he returned to Trèves to intercede with Maximus for two of the officials of the late Emperor Gratian, Narses and Leucadius, who had been threatened with death. He found assembled there a Council of Ithacian bishops, who had already induced the Emperor to send a military commission into Spain charged to detect, arrest, pillage, and kill all heretics, the broad test of heresy adopted being paleness of face and peculiarity of dress. One cannot help being reminded of Louis XIV. and the dragonnades. Martin urgently pressed the Emperor to recall this infamous commission, and meanwhile refused to communicate with the bishops who had procured it. Maximus wavered and prevaricated, but at last, being offended at the pertinacity of his petitioners, ordered Narses and Leucadius to be at once executed. This was too much for Martin's kindness of heart; he hastened at once to the Emperor, and promised to communicate with the persecuting Ithacian faction on condition of the lives of the prisoners being spared and the military inquisitors recalled from Spain. The Emperor granted both requests, and Martin fulfilled his part of the bargain and communicated next day with Ithacius and his associates. For this weakness, as he regarded it, he never forgave himself, nor would he ever again attend any Council or meeting of bishops. But the error, if such it was, does credit to his heart, and we can hardly blame him for preferring the preservation of the lives of the hunted heretics to the logical consistency of maintaining a protest against their persecutors. He died at the age of 81 on November 9, 397, and was buried on the eleventh, the day still dedicated to his memory. His shrine was long a favourite pilgrimage in France, but it was afterwards rifled by the Huguenots, and the splendid cathedral of Tours, one of the finest in France, succumbed, as we have before mentioned, to the iconoclastic fury of the Revolution. The site of his tomb was however rediscovered about twenty years ago under some houses purchased by Cardinal Morlot, then Archbishop of Tours, and a temporary chapel was erected over it, which has become again a place of pilgrimage. In England there is scarcely a town of any size that has not a church dedicated to him, and this may help to explain the retention of his name in the Calendar at the Reformation. For Englishmen generally however it is chiefly rescued from oblivion by the occasional recurrence of such years as the present, when the question

naturally suggests itself what is meant by St. Martin's summer. And as recent experience proves that even so simple a question may be answered quite wrongly, we have thought our readers might not unreasonably desire to know what is the right answer; the more so as, in spite of his monastic austerities and miraculous achievements, on which there can be no need to dilate here, there is a real human interest and significance in the life of this early saint, who is not inappropriately considered the patron of late summers, and who under a rough exterior concealed so generous and warm a heart.

LIFE IN NORTH CORNWALL.

ONE of the few remaining refuges from nineteenth-century bustle, from railroads and telegrams, from traction-engines and steam-ploughs, and from the widely spreading Cockney tongue, is to be found in the extreme West of England, on the other side of the boundary line which divides Cornishmen from Englishmen. Only one railway Company has as yet penetrated into King Arthur's dominion, and thus many places are still something like twenty miles from a station. It is nearly impossible for "up-country" people (as the rest of the world is somewhat contemptuously styled by all who have the good fortune to live west of Exeter) to realize such a state of things; but the results are evident enough in the tenacity with which old habits are clung to, and in the slowness to accept reforms, even of the most unrevolutionary type. Old words and idioms, too, linger in the mouths of the elder folk, though it may be feared that Board-School English will be the language of the next generation, to the exclusion of many a quaint and pithy turn of speech.

Belief in witchcraft is still common, principally in the milder form of "white" witches. There may even be found that traditional personage, the "seventh son of a seventh son," who touches for king's evil, stanches bleeding, and, in fact, is what a South African would call a "medicine-man." Very learned he is probably in woodcraft and bee-keeping, and most other country pursuits; on Sundays a "Methody" preacher, on week days a labourer at twelve shillings a week, living principally on "taties," and seldom touching meat, save on the great winter festival of killing a pig. He is now a teetotaler after (it is rumoured) a not too sober youth, and his skill in trapping hares and rabbits suggests sundry breaches of the Game Laws in former days, of which, indeed, the old man makes no secret. His whole life has been spent out of doors, and it is not surprising that he should have acquired a certain knowledge of the useful properties of plants, upon which it may be suspected that much of the reputation of the "white witch" is founded, though in some cases the knowledge is of a vague order.

No heart can know, no tongue can tell,
What virtue lies in the pimpernel,

may be an excellent excuse for not ridding the flower-borders of that pretty little weed the scarlet pimpernel, or "shepherd's clock," but one would like to know something of its positive merits, which the poet has not left on record.

There is a good deal of awe felt of the barrows or tumuli whose great green mounds rise solemn and mysterious in the fields. They are seldom levelled, though most of them have been despoiled of their contents long ago by ardent archaeologists, and their former tenants are popularly supposed to haunt the neighbourhood. Such traditions and superstitions are not confined to the labouring class; the tenant-farmers are equally imbued with them, and indeed can hardly be separated in thought from the labourers, being generally not removed by more than one generation from ploughmen or "horsemen" (i.e. tenders of horses) ancestors. The holdings are very small and the rents low, so that a hard-working man who has managed to put by a few pounds will often take and stock a small farm. If good seasons help him he may add enough to his capital to have something to fall back upon when the hay harvest is ruined by days of soaking rain, or "the fly" decimates the turnip crop, or, worst calamity of all, when the fatal "cawd" or liver disease strikes down his promising flock of sheep. But, on the other hand, should the small farmer be improvident, or, as is too often the case, should his mind be filled with exploded theories of agriculture, woe betide him in such seasons as the country has suffered from in late years. His landlord may overlook the fact that the man has brought a great part of the trouble on himself by his obstinate refusal to take advice, and he may, or rather he certainly will, remit ten or twenty per cent. of the rent; but this is not sufficient to set the poor fellow on his legs again. If he is an honest man he gives up his farm and very likely starts again as a day labourer; if he is dishonest he sells off everything surreptitiously—farm stock, implements, furniture, &c., and "goes scat" (*Anglice*, bolts). The neighbours, if he has any, keep his secret, and it may be several days before the unfortunate landlord becomes aware that the farm is empty. He finds the land probably bearing a plentiful crop of weeds, and the gates, which have been found useful as firewood, conspicuous by their absence; two or three lean hens and a cat representing the live stock. Acts of cruelty to or neglect of animals are exceptional, and, as a rule, the people are fond of their dumb companions, which in consequence are extremely tame, and occasionally even obtrusive in their attentions to timorous strangers. The pig, especially, is in Cornwall, almost as much as in Ireland, an *enfant de la maison*. Long-legged and gaunt, he appears at every farmhouse door, and

his grunt—suspicious, inquisitive, or friendly—greet the approaching visitor. The Cornish pig's intelligence and domesticity have been as much improved by generations of kindly treatment as those of the Arab horse, and he is a far more sociable companion than the mongrel sheep-dog who barks indiscriminately at all strangers. A pig of those parts has been known to follow the family sedately about the grounds, to watch at a gate for the master's coming, and to make a bold, but unsuccessful, attempt to follow the carriage. The wild birds, too, show something of the same fearless and confiding character. Small boys are so few in this thinly-peopled district that they fail to affect appreciably the number of nestlings hatched each year, and the birds, being free from molestation, cease to regard mankind as their natural enemies. Chaffinches boldly come to share the food of the poultry-yard, robins hardly get out of the way as one walks along the road, and that shyest of woodland birds, the green woodpecker, has been observed for more than a quarter of an hour quietly feeding within a stone's throw of a house, while the domestic pigeons (themselves the tamest of the tame) walked round it at a safe distance, evidently wondering what sort of creature this strangely brilliant visitor could be.

A less pleasant trait of the Cornish character than kindness to animals is that of revenge for injuries, real or supposed. A not uncommon form of vengeance for dismissal from service is the slaughter of the late employer's pig. It is somewhat unpleasant for a "foreigner" (i.e. any one from beyond the border) to know that any offence he may give, however unwittingly, will very likely be revenged in this or some other equally mischievous manner. When a person from any other part of England settles in the West he must be prepared for an unlimited amount of cheating and petty theft, since he will certainly be regarded by some of his new neighbours as a lawful prey. It will take him some time, probably, to understand the dialect. When he hears of "mating" the pig, he may not at first grasp that the animal is to be fed. "Heave" for thaw; "spears," the hazel stakes used in thatching; "reed," straw selected for the same purpose—these and many other words are very puzzling to a stranger. Sometimes, indeed, the better-educated will translate as they go along:—"The weather is very plum (mild) to-day"; and, *à propos* of wasps, "apple-dranes, but some folks calls 'em wasp-flies." Planting is always "tilling," and the ordinary square-shaped spade is never used, a long-handled shovel taking its place; but mattocks and an implement called a "fisgay" (in Devon a "two-bill") are mostly used for breaking up the ground. The fisgay has a very long handle and a double head, axe-edged at one end and mattock-edged at the other. Possibly the slight make of the men may account for the absence of the spade, the use of which requires greater strength than do the implements of the mattock class. A really well-built man is seldom to be seen in the district; though sometimes tall, they are usually narrow-chested, and they would look frail if set side by side with labourers from Yorkshire or Berks. The milder climate of the West may have something to do with the different physique of the inhabitants; unaccustomed as they are to severe winters, any exceptionally cold season tries them terribly. "Plum" weather is what suits them best; moist and warm and (as "up-country" people would say) relaxing; but the westerly winds are charged with the salt spray of the Atlantic, and are untainted by any poisonous vapours of manufactories or stifling fumes of coal smoke; and nothing can be more invigorating than to stand on some rocky headland looking towards the sunset, and there to inhale deep draughts of pure ozone. No harsh chill is in those sea breezes, which are as soft as they are strong, and the most sensitive lungs need not shrink from their contact. It is little wonder if those whose lives have been spent within hearing of the grand Atlantic swell cannot breathe in the bleak air of our Midland and Eastern counties.

Not only by its mild temperature is the winter of the West country robbed of half its proverbial harshness. The bare brown hedges of other counties are there clothed with evergreen ferns, and these, mingled with wreaths of ivy, keep green and fresh till the oak and thorn and beech are bursting into leaf. In the woods the undergrowth of holly and the bright carpet of moss serve the same purpose; and February is barely over before the soft shoots of the honeysuckle appear, and the vividly green wood-sorrel with its starry white flowers, to be soon followed by the "pale primrose" on the roadside bank, the wood anemone under the trees, and the daffodils thickly covering the grass of the orchards. Then we begin to watch for the first blue-bells, and perhaps we may chance to light on the rare white wild hyacinth. The fences are specially attractive in spring, though hardly calculated to fulfil the object of their existence. A low bank, covered with heath or ferns, then on the top some bushes of furze and "besom" (broom), and dog-rose, all overgrown by honeysuckle, a young ash, or oak, or hazel here and there, a few "motes" (stumps) of larger trees from which tufts of polypody or hard fern are springing—such defences as these do not prove very effectual against the inroads of vigorous Devon heifers or obstinate old sheep which never can find their way out of a forbidden field, however easy may have been the entrance and however large the gap. But there is nothing more fascinating than one of these hedges in April, when they are bright with pink campion and white stitchwort, and overflow with primroses; and then in June, when great purple spikes of foxglove rise singly or in clusters, and the dog-roses, white, pink, and crimson, mingle their blossoms with the honeysuckle, and the ox-eyed daisies and long grasses cover the banks, and many different ferns fill the moist and shady nooks—

then, indeed, we forget utility and agriculture, and everything that is ugly and practical, and revel in the luxuriance of colour and freshness that meets us at every turn. Each bit of marsh land bears its crop of yellow iris or white scented orchis or soft cotton grass, and we have not far to seek for the noble fronds of the royal fern which skirts rivers and canals and mill leads.

No one who has spent a spring and early summer in the extreme West of England can think of it with anything but affection; whatever may be the faults of the inhabitants, whatever the drawbacks which attend seclusion from the busy world, still the "West country," with its profusion of natural charms, and the added interest of an as yet unexhausted mine of folklore and folk-language, has a powerful attraction for all who have lived, for however short a time, within the range of that well-nigh magic influence.

LIVING AND THRIVING UNDER DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a not inconsiderable party in England, with Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Thomas Hughes at their head, who vigorously defend by word and, where possible, by deed, what the first-named of the two calls a continental policy for North America. This policy appears to be directed to the strengthening of the United States and the weakening of Canada as far as may be. Mr. Hughes, indeed, with the eccentric simplicity which is his characteristic, maintains in effect that it is wicked of Englishmen to emigrate to Canada at all, though we do not know that he has ever put his contention quite so incisively. We cannot attempt here to enter into this quarrel or to decide between the practical agriculturists who say "Try Canada," and the engineers, politicians, professors on the stump, and such-like cattle who say "Try the United States." But it is as well to point out that recent advices from the United States themselves are not exactly favourable to the chances of the emigrant without capital or with only a very moderate supply. On the one hand, the Superintendent of the Employment Bureau at the Immigration Office fears, according to the New York Correspondent of the *Daily News*, that there may be "considerable privation among the immigrants this winter, owing to the inability to find employment for them." "The demand for labour has fallen off materially." "It is becoming difficult to find employment," &c. Now the superior advantages of the United States over Canada have always been considered to be twofold. In the first place, there are the intangible advantages arising from the consideration that in the one it is practically impossible for any given person to be Governor-General, and in the other, theoretically at least, possible for him to become President; while the divine right of "holding your head up" is supposed to be more fully enjoyed to the south of the chain of the lakes than to the north of it. In the second place, there is supposed to be a far larger demand for labour at wages in the States than in Canada. It is tolerably obvious that, if there is no demand for labour or a falling demand in the States, this advantage ceases. Besides, we are not considering so much the comparative advantages of the United States and Canada, as the comparative advantages of the wage-earner in the land of promise, and in this actual land of bondage. A steerage journey across the Atlantic in winter, to be followed only by a sojourn in the sheds of the Immigration Department, does not in itself offer a peculiarly inviting prospect to persons who are tired of what Mr. Gladstone calls this small little island. But there is more information come to hand as to the status of the labourer in America than this general warning of "no demand." The housekeeping expenses of a family in New York are, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, about twenty-five per cent. higher than they were a year ago. Potatoes and apples, the latter a staple food in America, have doubled in price; dairy produce has gone up from twenty-five to fifty per cent., meat from ten to twenty, flour itself considerably. So that the actual person who is in receipt of wages, though he is certainly better off than the unlucky Johnny Raw who is looking for employment, is not altogether in clover. Recent travellers who have returned from the autumn trips to America now common with English members of Parliament have brought tales of numerous English working-men, who, without exactly speaking evil of the land of promise, confessed that the great nominal increase of their income did not seem to bring with it any corresponding increase of comfortable living. That these men themselves will not receive any higher wages this winter, we may be certain, unless the superintendent of the Employment Bureau is singularly wrong in his facts, and they will at the same time have to face either diminished comforts or a seriously increased expenditure.

It would, of course, be in the highest degree illogical to argue that the United States are not a land of promise because they have bad seasons now and then. But it is not at all illogical, and may be of not inconsiderable service, to point out that the conditions of life in this unbridled democracy make such alternations of prosperity and adversity peculiarly hard on the Demos. There is hardship enough at home, Heaven knows; but the wind is tempered not a little to the shorn English lamb. In the first place, the working of Free-trade, the comparative absence of rings and corners in the most important articles of commerce, and the enormous number of steady moneyed purchasers, have a tendency to prevent violent fluctuations of price. We had, indeed, some years ago a taste of

American inflation in respect of coals and meat, but that was the consequence of the wild gambling in business to which the fallacious prosperity of Mr. Gladstone's last Administration led. Generally speaking, while things—at least, necessary things—are never suddenly cheap in England, they are also never suddenly dear. Again, as the goings-out are steadier, so are the comings-in. The apparatus for relieving workers who are out of work is multifarious. There are Trade-Unions and Benefit Clubs; there is the vast machinery of the Poor Law; there is the decaying, but still existing, feeling of employers that they must do their best for the employed; and, beyond all this, there is the exhaustless source of private charity, often abused and wrongly drawn on, no doubt, but always ready to stand the draft. In the United States things are different. In the first place, there is next to no machinery for the relief of destitution; and, in the second place, there is no great wish to use it if it existed. The Americans do not like unsuccessful people. Their feeling towards them may perhaps best be illustrated by one of the incredible, but rigidly authenticated, stories which M. Wallon's investigations of the iniquities of another democracy—the first French Republic—have brought to light. Among the persons brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was, it is said, a luckless ex-soldier, who had exhibited himself in public places with one leg gone. In doing this, it was urged by his accusers, he had deterred recruits from joining the armies of the Republic by showing them what they might expect. We forget whether he was guillotined or not, though it is most likely that he was; but it does not matter. The point of view is the point of importance, and this point of view is that nobody has any business to be even a temporary failure. One consequence of this is sufficiently well known to all those who have studied recent domestic life in America. The labourer out of work becomes a tramp of the most vicious character, who puts in full practice the old Irish custom of "coshering." Not tolerated in the towns, which are too big for him to meddle with, he roams about the country a terror and a plague to society, occasionally committing frightful crimes, and occasionally receiving his reward at the hands of Judge Lynch. Of course all the failures do not take to the road in this way, but, if they do not, they have no alternative except utter misery and the chance of returning to Europe worse off than they left it. Unless great mistakes have been made, this choice of uncomfortable fates is likely to befall not a few unfortunate persons who have set out this autumn with high hopes for the country where they are to be the social equals of kings and princes, and the material possessors of endless messes of pottage. The thoughts of such persons do not often get themselves written down, but it may be suspected that they will include not a little hankering after the land of bondage. One of the English phrases which are said to excite most loathing and reprobation in the minds of doctrinaire Yankees is the phrase "upper classes." It would be curious to know whether in the objection there is or is not a latent repudiation of the responsibility which at least all the better members of the English upper classes acknowledge—of the duty of giving a helping hand to those below them. Much has been heard of the public spirit of Americans, and it is certainly praiseworthy; but if all tales are true, it is seldom, if ever, shown in any attempt to help lame dogs over stile.

There is another side to this question, the discussion of which is, of course, not novel, but which is of very great importance, especially in connexion with the problem interesting to all thoughtful Englishmen just now—the problem of American competition. Will it be possible for American producers to maintain their present immunity from taxation for eleemosynary purposes and for the redress of the sharp alternations of prosperity and adversity which their social and economical condition necessitates? The gloomiest pessimists on the subject of competition always argue as if the American producer was a rentless, rateless, taxless being, equipped by Providence with all necessary conditions for the ruin of Britons. One or two cooler-headed speakers have recently pointed out this error. For the present there is much virgin land still to break up; but the supply is not inexhaustible, as may readily be seen when it is remembered that (as Mr. Walter showed the other day) farmers in America are willing to pay on a kind of Metayer system rent equal to something like twenty shillings an English acre as it is. The comparative absence of anything answering to our direct Imperial taxation is more than made up by the heavy protective tariff and the high cost of labour. The absence of endowments necessitates a considerable expenditure in the form, more or less disguised, of rates—an expenditure fairly to be set against the much-grumbled-at tithe, which is, as every rational person knows, simply rent and nothing more. All this is actual, and we have Mr. Caird's conclusion on it. But the expenditure on Poor-rates which we have hinted at is not actual; it is only impending. For the time America is able to avoid the difficulty which England has long ago had to meet by her Poor-law system, and which Germany is trying to obviate by semi-socialist schemes of national insurance. But she will have to meet it sooner or later. The more she produces and the more she manufactures, the more will labour become master of the situation and the more strongly will it insist on being provided for. When it is provided for, the present hardships which weigh on the wage-earner who is out of luck will be alleviated, but only at the expense of the rest of the community, who, supposing their other burdens to continue as at present, will not be in a particularly enviable condition. For it must be remembered that in America there is no class like the English upper and upper middle class, which can be called upon to

bear the main burden. The famous boast that "every inch of Chicago is covered three inches deep with mortgages" expresses admirably the general character of individual American prosperity. It is emphatically phantasmagoric—a thing of bubbles and of "paper." No doubt there is gradually forming a class of proprietors whose wealth is not dependent on the turn of the tide in Wall Street. But then there is the interesting question whether democracy will let them alone. For the curious thing about this form of polity is that it cannot tolerate anything that is solid. No true democrat seems to have the least objection to a corner making two millions of dollars in an afternoon, probably because every one knows that it is exceedingly probable that the same set of speculators will lose four millions to-morrow. So every citizen has his turn, and it is all pleasant and proper. But a landed estate, let on rents, perhaps entailed and settled—this, whether it be in America or in England, no true democrat can away with. Yet nothing can be more certain than that such estates, and the other fixed and stable fortunes which follow on them, are in effect banks for the lower class to draw upon in time of need, and the only banks which rarely fail to honour the draft. Should Ireland pass through her present stage of convulsion and emerge into a settled condition of peasant proprietors, or low rents and ruined landlords, the misery which will ensue might to a sufficiently ruthless economist be compensated by the instructive state of things resulting. The United States are in a fair way to point a different, but a not less instructive, moral.

PENNY DREADFULS.

WE have several times called attention in these columns to certain salient points in the natural history of the modern British rough; we will now say a few words upon one of the principal causes which aid in developing his brutal and ferocious instincts—namely, the literary garbage which is so eagerly devoured by the species, especially in their younger and immature stages of existence. The direct connexion between "Penny Dreadfuls" and crime has been demonstrated over and over again by the annals of our own police courts. The mischievous lad who some time since presented a pistol at Her Majesty's head, and got well whipped for his pains, was found in possession of a collection of lives of celebrated highwaymen; and the various gangs of youthful burglars and would-be highwaymen who have lately appeared in the dock have one and all modelled their career upon the heroes of criminal novels. Only the other day a terrible illustration occurred of the actual effect of this gallow literature upon weak minds. A young man, nineteen years of age, named Westby, shot his father dead at Nottingham, having first murdered a little office boy at the office of the solicitor where he was employed, "merely to strengthen his nerve" and then took refuge in a fowl-house, where he was captured with a revolver in his possession, with which, as he frankly owned, he intended, when the police came, to shoot as many as possible. The key to this otherwise inexplicable outbreak of homicidal fury was afforded by the poor mother's words:—"My son was very fond of reading, and would sit for hours at his favourite amusement, studying periodicals and *sensational literature*." By this "*sensational literature*" his habits appear to have been formed, and they were eccentric enough. He would not, we are told, "allow any one to visit his bedroom, which was entered by an opening in the floor. To this opening he had attached a trapdoor, with bolts, and at night he always fastened himself in. He had also pulled down the bedstead, and had been in the habit of sleeping in a hammock slung up from the roof, while around the walls of the room were a number of pictures of the 'Life of Dick Turpin,' &c. A singular collection of cuttings from newspapers was also found in his desk at Mr. Fraser's office, including recipes for the manufacture of gun cotton and other explosives, together with accounts of marvellous adventures." Here is a direct instance of the effect which the modern substitutes for the *Newgate Calendar* have upon weak intellects and crazy brains.

There has always been a tendency to throw a halo of romance around the outlaw, and many of our greatest writers have sinned in this respect. Sir Walter Scott's glorification of the turbulent marauder, Rob Roy, and Lord Lytton's rehabilitation of Claude Duval are cases in point of mischievous examples which the unscrupulous scribblers who pander to the worst tastes of the public have not been slow to imitate, without, of course, any of the delicacy with which the more eminent hands approach their subjects. Never, perhaps, was this kind of pernicious rubbish more abundant than at present; the facilities for printing, publishing, and advertising having given it a circulation to which the older *Mysteries of London*, *Dick Turpin*, and the like never attained. We need only take a single instance to prove our position, and convince the reader of the mischievous and demoralizing nature of the publications in question.

Australia was infested some little time ago by a gang of ruffians who, under the leadership of one Ned Kelly, took to the bush and committed a series of dastardly murders, impudent robberies, and other outrages which made them the terror of the colony. At last they were encountered by the police whilst attacking a lonely railway station; the ringleader was captured, and nearly all the rest of the band were killed in the fight which ensued. The prisoner was tried at Melbourne and hanged, like the cur he was, shortly afterwards. There was nothing to distinguish Ned Kelly

from hundreds of other bushrangers for which the antipodes are unfortunately famous, except that he and his fellow-criminals accoutred themselves in a rough kind of home-made iron armour, and so proved that they had not even the brute courage with which the ordinary rowdy must be credited. Yet this worthy is made the hero of a work now issuing in penny numbers, and which—although, we are happy to say, no respectable bookseller or newsagent will have anything to do with it—has attained an immense circulation. The motive of the work is sufficiently indicated by quotations from three of our contemporaries which are prefixed by way of motto or advertisement to the book. Every one knows how a single passage, taken apart from its context, can be made to convey an impression quite different from that which the writer intended; and we imagine that the editors of the journals mentioned will not be best pleased at finding their columns quoted in such a connexion. The passages are as follows:—

"It is well known that for many years Ned Kelly had made himself notorious by a series of crimes wholly incompatible with the civilization of the nineteenth century. Ned Kelly's celebrated steed, Marco Polo, is as well known at the Antipodes as Dick Turpin's Black Bess in these islands."—*Telegraph*, 7th July, 1881.

"It is notorious that the robbery of Mr. Steward's corpse was mainly performed by the assistance of NED KELLY'S BROTHER, the Captain of what was neither more nor less than a pirate ship."—*Times*, July.

"The history of NED KELLY and his celebrated black horse, Marco Polo, will ever live in the recollection of the Australian public. The deeds of Dick Turpin, and the performances of Black Bess, are tame beside those of 'NED AND HIS NAG'; in addition to which Ned's history is true, and Turpin's is pure fiction."—*Press*, July.

Around this amiable figure the writer has thrown together a disconnected narrative, the sole interest of which consists in the introduction of all the notorious crimes and unsavoury incidents which have disgraced the present generation, and in the exhibition of vice and brutality of the most loathsome and degrading kind. In the first chapter Kelly and his companion throw an unfortunate constable down a "deserted hole" ninety feet deep; but the victim turns up again unharmed a few pages later. It is only fair to say that an explanation is given of this resuscitation, but it is so unpleasant that we are unable to quote it. The unsavoury in all its branches is taught by the instructors of the modern rough, and the nastier the lesson is the more readily and easily it is learnt. A little further on we are introduced to Lola Montez, who happens to be in a coach which is stopped by the bushranger, and at once makes a conquest of him:—

"Lola Montez, Countess of Lansfeldt," said he, "your destiny is to become the wife of Ned Kelly, the King of the Australian bush. The parson shall marry us at once, and then I'll take you right away to your future home in the mountain ranges. What do you say to my plan, countess?"

"That I haven't so much as seen your face. How can I tell whether I shall like you? I have shown you mine; 'tis but fair that I should behold yours in return."

"Well, I don't know but what it is," And the bushranger dropped his reins on his horse's neck, and raised his ponderous iron head-dress.

Hardly had he done so, however, when the beautiful woman (we have her portrait before us whilst we write) pulled a small pistol from within her sleeve and fired it point-blank at the bushranger's face, accompanying the action with the contemptuous remark—

"Where seven men sit panic-stricken before a single villain, 'tis time for a woman to show what she can do."

Unfortunately, the beautiful specimen of the sex in question had not done nearly so much as she intended.

The little bullet from her almost toy weapon, instead of penetrating to the bushranger's brain, had only shorn off a portion of his left ear.

After a dreary list of brutal murders and robberies, which no doubt the literary rough finds very entertaining, we come across another old friend—namely, Mr. Slade, already made famous by Mark Twain, whose chief claim upon the admiration of the public is that he induced a coach-driver with whom he had a dispute to throw away his revolver, and then shot the unarmed man dead. The next hundred pages or so do not contain any passage which we could quote without outraging propriety; but in chapter six we meet with another familiar character, "the unfortunate nobleman who now languishes" in captivity, and who hails from Wapping and Wagga Wagga. Mr. Peace, the protean burglar, next comes upon the scene, and gives a most instructive account of his life and methods of business procedure. As this ingenious gentleman now reposes within the precincts of the gaol in which he was last confined, and files of newspapers are not, as a rule, accessible to the modern rough, the burglarious fraternity should owe the London Novelette Company much thanks for reproducing this piece of professional biography. We have no hesitation in saying that the life of *Ned Kelly, the Ironclad Bushranger*, is as disgraceful and disgusting a production as has ever been printed. Lord Campbell's Act recognized the moral mischief which might be done by publications which offend against common decency, and provided for the condign punishment of the scoundrels who write, print, and sell them. The immoral effect of these stories of bloodshed and crime is worse than that of works which appeal only to the sense. They are, as the annals of the police courts prove every day, direct incentives to murder and robbery; and if the law as it stands is not sufficient to reach those who provide this mischievous rubbish, it is high time that there should be some such amendment of the existing Acts for the suppression of vice as would make it penal to issue similar publications for the future.

We are not sure that the "Penny Dreadfuls" are the only offenders against good taste and public morality in this respect. Many of the penny periodicals which are published for the delectation of youth contain stories which, if not exactly sinning in the same way as those which we have mentioned, are yet too full

of the "marvellous adventures" which had so sad a result in the case of the Nottingham murderer, and too highly spiced with incidents of crime to be altogether wholesome reading for boys. The practice also of giving publicity in the columns of the daily newspapers to the fullest details of dreadful crimes, not only panders to a morbid taste, but actually leads to imitation. The more horrible a murder, or the more ingenious a robbery, the more sure is it to be repeated. We turn away with indignation from the coarsely realistic pictorial representations of murders and suicides in the *Police News* which occasionally catch our eye in passing by some small newspaper shop; but we forget, as a rule, that we have carefully studied the same details in the daily paper over our breakfast. There is room for much improvement in the method of reporting criminal trials; but we can scarcely hope for this until public taste has undergone a change for the better; and this, it may be hoped, will come with the spread of education and culture. The more flagrant abuses to which we have referred admit of more drastic remedies, and we trust that means may soon be found for applying them. Parliament has plenty of work before it; but we should imagine that there would be little difficulty in passing an Act for the suppression of "Penny Dreadfuls," if some member would only bring in a Bill. That such an enactment is urgently wanted, the slight sketch which we have given sufficiently shows; but a searching inquiry into the subject would prove it to demonstration.

SMALL-POX HOSPITALS.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the extent and nature of the hospital accommodation for infectious diseases which now exists, or ought to be provided, for London and the suburbs, ends for the present a highly inconvenient controversy. There are enough obstacles to the prompt and adequate treatment of this class of cases without the number being increased by disputes whether patients belonging to one parish can lawfully be sent for cure to another. The Hampstead and Fulham cases have so embittered the relations between the Managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the district authorities that any profitable, or even peaceful, discussion of the question had become impossible. Consequently the President of the Local Government Board had to choose between deciding the issue for himself and obtaining fresh advice on the subject. Wisely, perhaps, his choice has fallen on the latter alternative. A Royal Commission is to inquire into the whole question, being guided therein by perhaps the very longest instructions ever provided for such bodies. There is nothing connected with hospitals of this particular class which is not mentioned in the instructions, and most of them are mentioned twice over. The gist of the inquiry lies in the second paragraph of the directions given to the Commissioners. They are to consider "the relative advantages and disadvantages of providing for small-pox and fever cases by a limited number of hospitals under one authority, or by parochial and district hospitals." The medical eminence of several of the Commissioners is a sufficient guarantee that their Report will put the Government and the public in possession of all that the latest and most accurate investigation has to say upon this question. We shall know whether cases of infectious disease can be best treated in small hospitals or in large; whether the proportion of recoveries to cases is greatest when the conditions in which the patient is placed are most near to or most removed from those with which he is familiar in his own home; and whether the spread of disease is averted or promoted by the aggregation of many patients into one building. Even when we know all that is to be known upon these points, the controversy may still rage upon the degree in which these considerations ought exclusively to determine the action of the Local Government Board. Let it be supposed, for example, that the Commissioners report that the system under which a few large hospitals are set up in the outskirts of London, to which patients are to be carried from all parts of the metropolitan district, is likely to yield a larger percentage of recoveries than the system under which each parish provides accommodation for its own sick—will that be a conclusive reason for preferring the former alternative? No doubt, if the balance was very greatly in favour of a few large hospitals, if it should be shown that patients recover more surely, and that infection is less likely to spread, when they are brought together than when they are scattered, the feeling in favour of aggregation would become very strong. Even then, however, it might not be irresistible. Those who have the charge of patients ordinarily prefer to send them somewhere else to be nursed. That is only another way of saying that it is pleasant to get troublesome obligations transferred from your own shoulders to those of other people. But then these other people have a voice in the matter; and, if they are unwilling to accept the obligations it is proposed to thrust upon them, the merits of the argument in favour of their doing so become of less moment. This is just how the case stands between the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the district authorities. The Board contends that small-pox and fever patients are more successfully treated, and that the risk of their communicating the disease to others is better guarded against, when the patients are brought together in a few large hospitals. The district authorities—at least, those within whose jurisdiction

it is proposed to place the hospitals in question—reply that, whether the medical argument on which the Board relies holds water or not, they are not willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of all London. Hampstead or Fulham is willing to look after its own small-pox or fever cases; but it objects to having to look after the small-pox or fever cases of Marylebone or St. Pancras as well. When the Board urges that patients from Marylebone or St. Pancras will have a better chance of recovery if they are brought to Hampstead or Fulham, and that the spread of the disease in Marylebone or St. Pancras will be thereby prevented, Hampstead or Fulham answers that this may seem a very good reason to Marylebone or St. Pancras, but that as regards Hampstead or Fulham it has no force at all. If the Commissioners report in favour of the aggregation of patients, the acceptance of their report will mainly depend on the extent of the good which they attribute to aggregation. If the proportion between cases and cures is markedly greater when the patients are brought together in a few hospitals than when they are scattered over many, and if by this means London is in a great degree ensured against the return of such epidemics, it is not likely either that the inhabitants of Hampstead or Fulham would maintain their resistance any longer, or that, if they did maintain it, they would be supported either by the Government or by Parliament. If, on the other hand, the superiority of one method of treatment over the other is very slight, it is probable that the inhabitants of Hampstead or Fulham will continue to object to an advantage, so slight in itself, being realized at their cost, and there would be so much reason in this objection that it would probably be sustained by the Local Government Board.

It is difficult to see how any argument which proves that the public are better protected against infection when small-pox or fever cases are brought together in a few large hospitals can fail to prove at the same time that the neighbourhood in which they are brought together suffers by their presence. Why are small-pox or fever patients a source of danger to the parish in which they are living? Because they are so many centres from which disease may conceivably be communicated. But, then, will they not be so many additional centres from which disease may conceivably be communicated when they get to the district in which the hospital stands? If this is so, the loss to one part of London must be set against the gain to another, and the parishes which have to bear the loss may not unreasonably object to the vicarious suffering imposed on them by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. What the public at large will ask is, whether the gain to London generally decidedly outweighs the injury done to the parish in which the hospital stands. If it does, they will be inclined to argue that the case is one in which the few must give way to the many. The reason why there has been so little disposition on the part of the victims of the Metropolitan Asylums Board to put up with their fate is that the few have not been called upon to yield to the many, but to the fewer still. The real, as well as the nominal, plaintiffs in the Hampstead and Fulham cases have not been the small-pox patients of London, but the managers of the Asylums Board. It was their outraged dignity that needed vindication. It is probable, indeed, that, even if the managers of the Asylums Board had not magnified their office so unblushingly, the people of Hampstead and Fulham would have objected to receive small-pox patients from other parishes. But the contention between them would not have been so sharp, and there would not have been the same amount of ill-feeling evolved in the course of it. If the managers had been wise, they would have admitted that it is human to dislike having small-pox patients foisted upon you from a distance. They would have condescended to reason where, as it was, they only thought fit to bluster. The great advantage of the reference of the whole matter to a Royal Commission is that it lifts the issue out of the slough of personal and official irritation into which it had fallen, and promises to place it on the solid ground of medical science. After all, the one thing that Londoners as a body want to know is what, taking all the circumstances of London into account, is the best method of dealing with infectious disease—the most certain to cure it, the least likely to spread it.

THE TRIMOLET COLLECTION AT DIJON.

ONE great distinction between an average English town and a Continental one of the same pretensions is that, whereas in France or in Belgium, for example, nearly every place has its little museum of natural history and antiquities, and portraits of local celebrities, such a collection is very rarely to be found among ourselves. There are many good reasons to account for this. The destruction of our own abbeys and their churches, with their ornaments and fittings, was complete; and it happened so long ago that the artistic value of every fragment of mediæval art was not yet appreciated. But in France, in particular, the excesses of the great Revolution not only spared many an ancient church, which has done duty since—as at Langres—for a local museum, but provided from the spoil an ample supply of treasures for stocking it with a collection of specimens and relics. Then, again, the Gallo-Roman remains in many parts of France are so numerous that it is a rare thing to find a museum in a small country town without some interesting architectural or sculptural fragments of the Roman period. Our own provincial museums are, we fear, but seldom visited by strangers, though they no doubt are of

appreciable use in advancing the general culture, and perhaps in giving point to the aspirations of some few students in the towns in which they are placed. Sometimes, as in the Dover Museum, for example, there are really good collections of the birds, or insects, or geological specimens of the neighbourhood. And Dover, as a Roman station, actually boasts of a few specimens of Roman art, besides, as becomes a seaport, many shells, war clubs, and other curiosities brought home from distant climes by returning ships. We doubt whether the French local museums are now often visited by travellers, especially if they lie out of the reach of railways. Yet they will generally repay inspection. We have often wondered at the vast aggregate of works of mediæval art still preserved in the "Treasures" of the French cathedrals and in the local museums. The priceless collection of the Cluny Museum in Paris has its representative on a small scale in many a small French town. But our English country towns have nothing to remind their inhabitants of what is to be found on so large a scale in the great central storehouse of the South Kensington Museum. And this is the justification for the project of opening temporary loan museums of ancient or mediæval art in different parts of the country.

Dijon is a place at which so many travellers stop for at least a night when hurrying to or from the Riviera that its local Museum has never been quite forgotten by English tourists. There are few of our readers who do not know that the old Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, itself a very interesting specimen of fifteenth-century architecture, is now used as the Hôtel de Ville, and contains, in a large suite of rooms, one of the most important museums in France. It boasts of a really large collection of paintings, though none are of very great value, besides many most beautiful and interesting fragments from the destroyed churches of the city and district. In particular will be remembered the magnificent tombs, carefully restored and gorgeously coloured, with the recumbent effigies of Philippe le Hardi and Jean Sans Peur, Dukes of Burgundy, and Margaret of Bavaria, the wife of the latter. Nor must the separate Musée des Antiquités de la Côte-d'Or, added some fifteen years ago, be forgotten.

This Museum has very lately received a further most valuable and important addition to its contents in the shape of the Trimolet Collection. M. Anthelme Trimolet, a painter by profession, a native and resident of Lyons, had spent his life and his fortune, which must have been considerable, in forming a miscellaneous collection of antiquities and works of art of every imaginable kind. Born early in the present century, he had singular facilities for picking up valuable relics of mediæval workmanship before the revival of the general fashion for such objects which has so vastly enhanced their price. And, being childless, he seems to have had ample means at his disposal for indulging his taste. Some quarrel with the municipality of Lyons caused him to remove his home and his treasures to Dijon. And when he died he left all his collections to his wife for her lifetime, with a reversion to the Dijon Museum. Mme. Trimolet herself died last year, and the whole of her husband's collection, amounting to some four thousand articles, has been now for about six months displayed to the public in five large apartments of the Museum. It is not yet provided with a catalogue, though we believe that the Curators are at work on one. Until this is completed, the collection is not of much practical usefulness to the world of students or connoisseurs. But it may be well to give some general account of its contents. There is, we believe, no single department of mediæval art which is not richly represented in M. Trimolet's Collection. The possession of such a treasure will be of great advantage to the old Burgundian capital; and many travellers will make a point of breaking their journey at Dijon in order to visit it.

We scarcely know where to begin in our description of the collection. In oil-paintings it is fairly rich, though few of the specimens are of a high order. Yet there are some of interest, both old and modern; in particular, an unnamed Dutch picture of the Hague. The whole furniture of M. Trimolet's house, including the portraits of himself and his wife, forms part of his munificent legacy. In addition to which two very interesting bas-reliefs of himself and Mme. Trimolet, dated respectively 1838 and 1833, will hand down their portraits as public benefactors. Sculpture, again, is not strongly represented. But there is one small head of the Blessed Virgin in low relief, of the Christian school of Florentine sculpture, which is particularly beautiful. It might be a work of Verrocchio or of one of his contemporaries. There are several cases of miniatures, and not a few exquisite illuminations from church service-books, some of them framed. And there are several specimens of coloured wax portraits, extremely lifelike and most delicately modelled. Next in order we will notice the ivories. These are very numerous, both secular and religious in design. Among the specimens of this department of art are some early diptychs and several triptychs of the best date, exquisitely sculptured. One of the latter, of considerable size, and square in shape, contains figures of the Blessed Virgin and Holy Child, with small groups of sacred subjects. The whole of this is parcel gilt and coloured with great delicacy. On the outside leaves is this legend:—"Ave maris stella: Dei mater alma: Atque semper virgo: Felix coeli porta: Sumens illud Ave: Gabrielis ore: Funda nos in pace: Mutans Eve nomen." Horns covered with carvings and toothed-combs must be mentioned in this group. Of stained glass there is but little; though there are a few fair specimens of enamelled painted subjects on a small scale.

The metal-work, on the other hand, is superb. There are all kinds of swords, lances, maces, halberds, spurs, suits of armour.

boats of chain mail, helmets, and shields; together with matchlocks, pistols, powder-flasks, and other details of military accoutrement. We are reminded by this brave show that the late Mr. William Burges, who, like M. Trimole, was an enthusiastic collector, made arms and armour his specialty. His almost unrivalled collection was left by him, at his recent most lamented death, to the British Museum. Domestic ironwork is represented at Dijon by locks and keys, knives and spoons, mirrors and candlesticks. Lamps and inkstands of bronze may be mentioned next. One pair of altar-candlesticks in latten is of great antiquity. The collection is rich in ormolu and enamels. Limoges enamels abound, with rare Italian enamels, and splendid Italian nielli. Two beautiful plaques, in niello, representing the Triumph of Mars and Mutius Scaevola burning his right hand, ascribed to Peregrini of Cesena (of fifteenth-century date), deserve particular mention. One cloisonné enamel, of very early date, represents the Apostle of the Gentiles, and is inscribed "Sanctus Paulus Apostolus." Next, there are settings of jewels and of miniatures in metal. One coffer, in steel, most elaborately wrought, is beyond praise. Add to these innumerable rings, chains, locket, ear-rings, necklaces, rosaries, crosses (pectoral and processional), morsers of copes, croziers, pastoral staves, osculatories, monstrances, reliquaries, chalices, pyxes, and cups and vessels of all shapes and sizes. Then, again, there is a large assemblage of medallions and of coins, in gold and silver, of modern as well as of ancient mintage—especially of Greek and Roman art. Clocks and watches, caskets and cabinets, compasses, and a host of miscellaneous articles, complete the enumeration of the specimens of metallurgic art.

Precious stones may be taken next. M. Trimole had acquired innumerable gems of all sorts—cameos, intaglios, and carved crystals. There are also cases of the most delicate Venetian glass; with specimens of iridescent glass from ancient tombs; and mirrors of all kinds. Ceramic art is even better represented. There are precious vases of real crackle, Oriental pots and jars, Japanese pottery, and some valuable specimens of Sèvres and Dresden. Faience of all kinds, majolica plates, and fine works of Palissy ware must not be forgotten. Textile art, too, is well represented. There are tapestries, and numerous embroidered vestments, purses, and the like.

Finally, there are some very fine engravings; etchings by Albert Dürer, in finest condition, and others by Martin Schöon and other masters. A fine engraving of St. Cecilia is described as the first work of Mark Antony Raymondi. Wood-work is represented by delicate boxwood carvings, jewel caskets, coffers, and cabinets of every shape and material, picture-frames, sideboards, chairs, and miscellaneous furniture. And there are other valuable articles, not easily to be classified, such as mosaics, coco-nuts in metal settings, specimens of Egyptian and Oriental personal ornaments, necklaces of Roman coins, and the like.

This enumeration, which is probably far from complete, will show how marvellous a collection is that with which M. Trimole's legacy has enriched the Dijon Museum. We are not aware whether there is any stipulation that the collection should be kept undivided. One is tempted to grudge so splendid a gift to a small provincial capital. At any rate, the people of Dijon will be benefited indirectly as well as directly by the possession of a collection which, when it is better known and properly catalogued, will doubtless attract very many visitors to their town.

THE THEATRICAL LIBEL CASE.

THE history of the action of Scott v. Sampson has perhaps more interest, except, of course, to the parties concerned, in its side issues than in the main one. The character of the libel upon which the action was brought was such that, so soon as the line of the defence became apparent, there could be scarcely a doubt as to the way in which the verdict would go; and the only question which remained open was that of the amount which would be given in damages. The libel appeared in a paper of which the defendant was described in the statement of claim as being "proprietor, printer, and publisher." The gist of the libel, which appeared soon after the purport of the will of the late Miss Neilson, the actress, had been made known, was, as set forth in the statement of claim, this:—"It is just as generally known as that Miss Neilson lived and died that, when her will was opened, it was found that 1,000*l.* was left to Mr. Joseph Knight, a critic, who had in her early days been kind and useful to her, and that the bulk of her property was to go to another old friend, Admiral Carr Glyn. . . . Another theatrical critic [meaning the plaintiff] whose name had not been mentioned in the will, called upon Admiral Carr Glyn and hinted at a great many terrible things about Miss Neilson; that he felt very much hurt, after all he had done, that his name should have been omitted, and that of course he should not do anything objectionable, but, &c. &c. &c.—as any one who understands what such a creature would say can fill in for himself. The result was that Admiral Carr Glyn paid this representative of English journalism 500*l.* in kind or coin." Then followed a letter from the plaintiff's solicitors giving notice of action, in which it was said that "the libel is of a most serious character, and imputes conduct to Mr. Scott which, if true, would justify its terms. You have omitted his name, but it is too clear to him and to us that he is the person intended by the libel." This was, in fact, admitted by defendant's

counsel when the case came before the Court, and justification was pleaded. It is sufficiently obvious that, to support such a plea, it was necessary to prove the alleged facts up to the very hilt. This the defence was quite unable to do, and, in fact, the line adopted was rather that suggested by the interrogatories administered in the course of the action to the plaintiff, "which went into prior matters in his life." It is this, amongst other things, which in this case seems to us of some general importance; but, before we go into these matters, it may be convenient to give a sketch, as briefly as possible, of the general course and conduct of the case. Admiral Carr Glyn, called for the plaintiff, gave an account of a transaction between himself and the plaintiff, whom he had known for some years, the result of which was that he advanced to Mr. Scott 500*l.*, at 5 per cent., to help the fortunes of *The Theatre*, a dramatic magazine conducted by Mr. Scott. In cross-examination he denied that the transaction had any sort of reference to Miss Neilson and her will. At the end of the Admiral's evidence, "This," to quote the *Times*' report, "said Mr. Russell, was the plaintiff's case; but he would call Mr. Scott to be cross-examined by Mr. Willis. Mr. Willis, however, said he would call Mr. Scott as his witness."

It is here desirable to point out that neither the plaintiff nor the Admiral was asked by the counsel for the defence whether it was true, as alleged in the libel, that the plaintiff "had thus extorted money from the Admiral"; and the plaintiff, when asked the question by his own counsel, replied that it was a scandalous falsehood. In fact, as we have hinted, the line taken was in great measure that of trying to throw discredit upon the plaintiff generally, without special reference to the libel complained of. This line, as Lord Coleridge most justly pointed out, is open to every conceivable objection. It is a line which in certain cases, and on a greater scale, has been too often attempted, and too often permitted. It may be well to quote what was said in this connexion, or rather specially in connexion with the interrogatories by the plaintiff's counsel in his opening speech. "The interrogatories which had been administered to the plaintiff were, he made bold to say, a positive abuse of the process of that Court. . . . Those interrogatories sought to rake up the story of Mr. Scott's life in all its relations. With what object? Why, to terrorize the plaintiff. To hold up a warning finger to Mr. Scott, the defendant saying, 'I may have libelled you, atrociously, malignantly, but there are chapters in your history that you would rather keep closed from the world. . . . I tell you, if you come into a court of justice we shall torture you by cross-examination on these matters, raking up things which may have been forgotten—things which you yourself regret.' He ventured to say that he was only speaking the learned Judge's opinion when he said that nothing could be more atrocious than turning interrogatories to such purpose as that." With these remarks most people will cordially agree; but it is to be observed that, since the ruling in the *Orton* case as regards cross-examination to character, such license has been allowed to counsel that, had the plaintiff been put in the box as his own witness, Lord Coleridge might have found it more difficult than he did find it to put his foot down upon a system which is perhaps calculated rather to defeat than to advance the ends of justice. It is a significant fact that, in this case, the examination of the plaintiff by defendant's counsel has been spoken of in almost every report of the trial as cross-examination. The character of cross-examination, it should be further noted, was imparted to the examination without the formal declaration, usual in such cases, to the effect that the witness was to be treated as hostile. Indeed at one point Lord Coleridge very properly thought it necessary to reprove Mr. Willis for treating, or attempting to treat, the plaintiff, his own witness, as a hostile witness. The gist of the whole matter is, as it seems to us, that, according to recent decisions which have not yet been completely overruled, it is open to any person to libel any other person, and, if an action is brought, to endeavour to elicit in court facts which may or may not be thought discreditable to the plaintiff, but which have no real connexion with the libellous matter specially alleged. This is, in fact, a product of the superstition of *res gestæ*, and Lord Coleridge may be heartily congratulated upon having done as much as he has done to put an end to so pernicious a practice. But for previous decisions, as we have hinted, he might have done even more. One may, however, hope that his example may have its effect in future, both upon judges and upon magistrates, and may tend to put a stop to the traffic in blackmail which, there is too much reason to believe, is rife.

It remains for us to add that the plaintiff, who has been more than sufficiently cleared of the vile imputation made against him, has perhaps been ill advised in trying to combine vocations which are really incompatible. He was, according to his own evidence, well known as the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and was also the editor of the dramatic magazine *The Theatre*. In undertaking to hold both these positions he obviously laid himself open to disagreeable attacks. In the particular case which has brought this fact into public notice he has defeated his adversary, but had that adversary been a little more cautious it might have been difficult to defeat him. Without for a moment casting a doubt upon the plaintiff's good faith, it may be said that a writer whose business it is to criticize theatrical performances in a daily paper, and who also conducts a theatrical magazine, exposes himself to misconstruction. It is probable that Mr. Scott has by this time seen the objections to a course which was tolerably certain

sooner or later to lead him into difficulties. It may, indeed be not unfortunate for him in the end that these difficulties should have been forced upon his notice in a brutal and clumsy manner. It is hardly possible to take leave of the case without mentioning the unseemly attack, made "in the heat of advocacy," by the defendant's upon the plaintiff's counsel. The imputation of *mala fides* was as frankly withdrawn as it was rashly made; but the fact remains that it ought never to have been put forth.

THE EXCESS OF IMPORTS OVER EXPORTS.

THE excess of imports over exports is perplexing many people, not all of whom are Protectionists. Because a private person will ruin himself if he spends more than his income, it is assumed that the excess of imports over exports means an expenditure larger than the national income, and therefore an encroachment upon the national savings. But this view is based on an entire misconception of international trade. The imports cannot be strictly compared to the private expenditure of an individual, nor can the exports be compared to his income. A short explanation will make this clear to those who have not given special attention to the subject. When, for example, a merchant exports a cargo of steel rails from Liverpool to New York, the value of the cargo is stated by the exporter's shipping clerk to the officer of Customs at Liverpool. The statement is not necessarily exact, but it is near enough to the truth to pass muster. When the cargo reaches New York, however, the value given by the shipping clerk at Liverpool is increased by the freight, the insurance, and commissions. In other words, the value as stated by the shipping clerk in Liverpool is the price at the place of production, while the price in New York is the price in the ultimate market. Now let us look at the imports. A cargo of wheat or of cotton is exported from New York and imported into Liverpool. At the latter place the value consists of the value declared in New York, plus the freight, plus the commission, and plus the insurance. In other words, the value now is the value at the ultimate market; and it is evident that to compare it with the value at New York would be something like comparing the price of coal at the pit's mouth and in London. Under the circumstances the imports must exceed in value the exports. But, further, the mercantile marine of the United Kingdom greatly exceeds that of any other country—indeed it exceeds the merchant navies of all other countries put together. Not only is the merchant navy of the United Kingdom employed in the trade of the United Kingdom with other countries much larger than the foreign navies employed all added together, but it is largely employed also in trading between those foreign countries themselves. And this greatly predominant British merchant navy has to be paid for the services it performs for foreigners. The freight it earns is paid to a large extent in commodities which are imported into the United Kingdom. Moreover, British investments in all forms abroad yield a very large income, which, to some extent at least, is also sent home in the form of commodities. For generation after generation we have been lending money to other countries in large amounts. With the exception of the United States, France, and Germany, perhaps British investors hold a larger proportion of the debts of foreign countries than even the natives of any of those countries, certainly than any other foreign investors in the world; and all these investments in foreign and colonial bonds yield a large interest, which is, to a considerable extent at least, remitted to England in the form of commodities, and therefore appears amongst the imports. Again, British capital has largely contributed to the construction of railways all over the world. The whole of the railways of India, for instance, have practically been made by British capital. So have the greater part of the railways of all our colonies. So, again, has a large proportion of the railways of the United States; and, generally speaking, British investors have contributed considerably to the construction of the railways of the continent of Europe. All these immense investments in foreign railways likewise yield interest which, to a greater or less extent, is remitted home in the form of commodities, and appears amongst the imports. British investors also have contributed largely to the construction of waterworks and gasworks in foreign cities, and British private traders have invested largely all over the world. Amongst the workers of the nitrate deposits which caused the war between Chili and Peru, British traders are the most energetic and most prominent. British capital has also founded and worked the indigo plantations and tea gardens of India. British capital has largely built the cotton mills of Bombay and the jute mills of Bengal; and, in short, British capital is invested in almost every country in the world where it receives fair protection. This capital receives a return which is sent home more or less in the form of commodities. British officials, again, in India, in the colonies, and in other dependencies of the Crown, remit some part of their savings, either for the education and maintenance of their family or as a provision for the future; while British colonists, having made their fortune and returned home to enjoy it, also draw a large income from abroad. These sums are likewise remitted to some extent in the form of commodities, and appear among the imports. Thus, besides the imports proper—that is to say, the commodities directly imported for trade purposes—a large proportion of the imports is really repayment

for services rendered, or interest yielded upon investments made abroad.

It is objected, however, that, if this be true, the years in which the excess of imports is largest ought to be the most prosperous, but that, on the contrary, the excess of the imports over the exports has been greatest in the years of depression through which we have just passed. This, however, is exactly as it ought to be. In years of active trade there is always going on a large lending of British capital to foreign countries; but in the late depression this system of public loans completely ceased. The general discredit was so great that few countries were able to borrow, and most countries were so distressed that they had not enterprise to borrow, even if they could have done so. Accordingly, the exports from this country were not swelled by foreign loans. When, for example, during the inflation years which followed the Franco-German war, loans were made to all sorts of South American countries, a large proportion of these loans was intended for the construction of railways, and was actually spent in purchasing materials for that purpose. A large loan for the construction of a railway abroad almost necessarily implies an expansion of British exports. The whole of the railways of India have been made by capital raised in England, and by far the largest part of that capital has been expended in the purchase of materials here at home which have been sent out to India for the construction of the lines. Loans made to India, therefore, for the construction of railways have greatly contributed to the expansion of our exports to India, and the same is true of almost all the loans made for the construction of railways, gasworks, waterworks, and the like abroad. When the system of foreign loans came to an end, the exports necessarily fell off; but the previous loans that had been made still existed, and the interest upon them was still due. No doubt in many cases the interest was not paid; but upon the great majority of the loans which had been contracted in this country the interest was paid. And thus, while the imports were being swelled by the payment of interest on previous loans, and by the remittance of profits earned abroad, the exports were diminished by the cessation of foreign lending. Since the depression has come to an end, borrowing for public works abroad has set in again. For example, the various Companies brought out during the past twelve or eighteen months for the working of mines in India has led to the export of instruments for the working of those mines, and has therefore augmented the exports from this country to India. We have also had several American railway loans brought out in this country; and if the present speculative spirit continues, no doubt other loans will continue to appear, and will go to swell the exports from this country. It follows that in a period of depression the exports ought to fall off as a matter of theory, while the decrease in the imports ought to be by no means so great. It is possible, too, that during the late depression there was some calling home of British capital invested abroad. In the raw-material-producing countries, which are the countries in which British investment is usually most profitable, the depression was extreme, and for a while it is probable that the British capital so invested did not return a sufficient interest, and that a portion of it was brought home. If so, it naturally came back in the form of imports. But whether this be so or not, it is quite clear that the excess of the imports over the exports ought to be greatest in the years of the greatest depression.

That the view we are here putting forward is correct very clearly appears from some facts brought out in a letter addressed by Professor Leone Levi to the *Times* of Saturday last. In 1860, as he reminds us, the excess of imports over exports amounted to 40½ millions sterling, or about 23 per cent. In 1870 the excess was nearly 69½ millions, or about 60 per cent. And in 1880 the excess amounted to 122 millions, or over 75 per cent. Thus we have in each ten years a steady and large increase in the excess of the imports over the exports. In the same ten years we have also a large increase in the wealth of the country. In 1860 the gross amount of the property and income assessed to the Income-tax was 335,200,000*l.* In 1870 the same income was assessed at 444,900,000*l.*, being an increase of 109,700,000*l.*, or 32½ per cent. In 1880 the amount assessed to the Income-tax was 578 millions, being again an increase of 133 millions, or 29 per cent. Thus, while the excess of the imports over the exports has been so largely increasing, the wealth of the country has been quite as rapidly increasing. And it is to be remembered that in 1880 the income assessed to the Income-tax does not really represent the whole increase of wealth, for Sir Stafford Northcote during his Chancellorship of the Exchequer considerably extended the exemptions from Income-tax; so that the property now assessed, if assessed upon the old system, would be much larger than that stated by Professor Leone Levi. In these figures we have the clearest proof that it is a mistake to think that an excess of imports over exports implies trenching upon the capital of the country; in fact, an excess of imports over exports in a country like England, which for so long a time has been investing abroad in public funds and in industrial and commercial undertakings, is natural and necessary, unless the country had been unfortunate in its investments and had lost all the money it had lent or sunk abroad.

CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

SOME years ago the Newmarket Houghton Meeting was considered a chilly affair, to be endured on sufferance, but almost beyond the pale of the regular racing season. In these days, nine or ten later meetings have to be gone through before the flat racing of the year is concluded. During the week that followed the late Houghton Meeting there were two days' racing at Worcester, two at Brighton, two at Lewes, and two at Lincoln; in the following week there were four at Liverpool and two at Alexandra Park; and in the two succeeding weeks there were three days' racing at Shrewsbury, two at Derby, three at Warwick, and four at Manchester, besides some smaller meetings. The few events which formerly took place after the Houghton Meeting used scarcely to be regarded as legitimate racing; but they have a good claim to recognition as regular races in these days, since stakes approaching twenty thousand pounds in value are now run for between the last of the Newmarket meetings and the close of the racing season. It is not only at the end of the season that there is a glut of racing. There are now nearly one hundred and forty race meetings in Great Britain at which flat races are run during the year. Last year more than 240,000*l.* was given to be run for, and the total value of the stakes amounted to 387,909*l.* This sum was probably trifling compared to the amount of money which was lost and won during the season in bets; and there can be no reasonable doubt that several millions sterling change hands annually in Great Britain over races. Thousands of men live by racing. To start with, more than two thousand men and boys must be employed in attending the couple of thousand racehorses which are annually trained in the United Kingdom. Numbers of men, again, are employed in attending to the three thousand brood mares at stud farms exclusively devoted to the breeding of racehorses. In addition to those who are directly concerned with racehorses, there are many hundreds, if not thousands, of men who gain a livelihood from racing by working as officials on racecourses, grand stands, and on the staff or at the printing presses of sporting journals. Lastly, there is the immense crowd of betting men, who live by what is technically called bookmaking. It is not difficult to discover the sources from which the money which supports this large population is derived. The thousands of men directly employed with the horses themselves are paid by owners of racehorses, who hope to regain some portion of their expenditure by their winnings. A very large sum, again, is contributed by simple sightseers, who pay prices varying from five shillings to three guineas for the privilege of seeing a day's racing, exclusive of their railway and other incidental expenses. The bulk of this money is raced for in stakes, while some of it helps to keep racecourses and race-stands in order. But by far the largest amount of the money employed in finding food and other necessities for those who live by racing comes out of the pockets of the countless horde of backers of horses. There is no need to notice the well-known fact that many men of property gamble away princely fortunes on the Turf, that clerks sometimes rob their masters' tills to pay their racing debts, or that forests of fine timber have to be felled and old family estates sold to clear off the gambling encumbrances of lads scarcely out of their teens; but it may be worth calling attention to the less familiar truth that a large percentage of the entire male population of this country makes a practice of getting rid of a portion of its income by backing racehorses. The bulk of these gamblers do not exactly ruin themselves, but rather throw away their pocket-money, on horse-racing. There are the subalterns in the army, the undergraduates at the Universities, and the "young City gentlemen," who deluge the bookmakers with their pounds, their "fivers," and their "ponies"; there are the merchants and tradesmen who enjoy their quiet but substantial bets, even when they lose their money; and there are the "gentlemen's gentlemen," who put many hundreds sterling into the bookmakers' pockets in pounds and crowns. It is said that there is no class of men fonder of betting on horse-races than servants, and that of these the arch-gamblers are waiters at hotels.

A valuable stud horse was sold to go abroad at the end of the racing season. This was Lord Falmouth's Silvio, which was purchased for 7,000*l.* by the Duke de Castries and the Marquis de St. Sauveur to go to France. Silvio is a very handsome horse, and he has won several important races besides the Derby. Many people may regret his purchase by foreigners; but, good as he is, there are other excellent sires left in this country, and it ought not to be entirely a matter for lamentation when good horses are bought by Continental breeders. Englishmen now spend so much of their time abroad that it is greatly to their own interest when anything happens to improve Continental race-meetings. The races at Paris are in many respects pleasanter than those in England, and the hosts of Englishmen that attend them must surely desire to see horses worth looking at. A day at Longchamps or Chantilly is a pleasant incident in a week's trip to Paris, and a little racing in any part of the Continent makes an agreeable variety after sight-seeing and theatre-going. Another sire that had won the Derby changed hands this month. This was Cremorne, who was sold for 5,400 guineas at the break-up of the stud belonging to the late Mr. Savile. It was generally understood that Mr. Savile had once refused 15,000*l.* for this horse. At the late Mr. Savile's sale, twenty-six thoroughbred mares were sold before Cremorne was brought out, at prices varying from 10 to 1,000 guineas. D'Estournel, whose stock in 1878 won nearly 2,000*l.*, was sold for only 120 guineas; while one of his foals, but

a few months old, went for 200. Last week Robert the Devil was sold for a stud horse. His price is said to have been 8,000*l.*

So much has already been said about the victories of Foxhall and Iroquois during the past season, that the subject is worn threadbare; but it is impossible to look back on the racing year without having a keen recollection of the American successes. It has often been said that among racing men, 1880 will be remembered as "the American year"; but we see no reason why the Americans should not be even more successful in years to come, for this season they only brought two thoroughly good horses to England. It is no disgrace to the British Turf when its races are won by horses of English blood, ridden by English jockeys, and trained in most cases by English trainers, even if those horses were born in a foreign country and belong to foreign owners. Certain people professed to be alarmed when Gladiateur won the Derby sixteen years ago, and prophesied that in future this race would often be won by Frenchmen; but no French horse has won it since 1865; and during a hundred years the Derby has only once been won by France, while during the eighteen years that the Grand Prix de Paris has been in existence, it has been won seven times by English horses. The Americans have had a couple of excellent racehorses in England this year. The question is, how many more are they going to bring over?

The Liverpool Autumn Cup produced a great deal of betting as soon as the weights were published. Prestonpans, the winner of this race last year, was made the first favourite; but after he had been very heavily backed by the public, his owner thought right to scratch him. Valour, the winner of the rich Manchester Cup, was then installed in his place. Valour was only to carry 3 lbs. more than he had carried at Manchester, and the distance was a quarter of a mile shorter. When the Liverpool meeting had fairly begun, he was dethroned in favour of Buchanan, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap. Buchanan was now handicapped 15 lbs. more heavily than he had been at Lincoln; but it was thought that he could win under the weight, as he had won the Lincolnshire Handicap in a canter by about ten lengths. When the field of eighteen horses had left the starting-post, the running was made at a great pace by Post Obit, who led for a mile, when Pireus, a 16 to 1 outsider, came to the front, and kept there until the winning-post was passed. A terrible scene presented itself at the distance. Buchanan, the first favourite, was much exhausted by the pace, and he blundered and fell heavily, throwing Macdonald, his jockey, very violently. Macdonald was just struggling up again when Ereildoune, who was immediately behind, dashed against him and struck him to the ground a second time with terrific force. Down came Ereildoune, and his jockey, White, was thrown some distance. When the two jockeys were picked up, it was found that White, though severely shaken, was not seriously injured; but with poor Macdonald it was otherwise. He was a ghastly object, and in less than two days he died. The poor lad had been a very promising jockey. Just a month before his death he had ridden Foxhall, when that horse won the Cesarewitch. This was the most serious accident of the racing season. The number of accidents in flat races is comparatively small, and they very seldom produce such sad results as those just mentioned. Considering that falls occasionally take place when horses are going at full speed, it is wonderful that more jockeys are not killed, especially when the additional danger of being run into by horses that may be following is taken into consideration; but, although there must necessarily be a certain amount of danger in flat racing, we should not have much to say against it if that were its only evil. On the day following that of the Liverpool Cup, half a dozen of the field that had run in that race, including the winner, met again in the Great Lancashire Handicap. They carried much the same weights as those they had carried the previous day, with the exception of Pireus, who had 18 lbs. more on his back than when he won the Liverpool Cup. Valour was the first favourite, Toastmaster and Post Obit were second and third favourites, and 8 to 1 was laid against Pireus; but, after making the running during the greater part of the race, Pireus won very easily by a length. Here was an example of judicious management. Pireus had been kept very quiet all the season, and was handicapped lightly in consequence, and then he won a couple of races together worth over 1,500*l.*, for one of which he started at 16 to 1 and for the other at 8 to 1. It might have been more satisfactory to the general public if horses that had been running regularly throughout the season had won both events. That good horse Petronel won the Queen's Plate very easily by two lengths, beating Victor Emmanuel, Poulet, Mistress of the Robes, and Prestonpans at even weights. With the exception of the sad accident already mentioned, the late Liverpool Meeting was unusually successful. At Shrewsbury Pireus was made a strong favourite for the Great Shropshire Handicap, although his Liverpool victories had earned for him a 10 lbs. penalty. Peter, who had to carry the heavy weight of 9 st. 7 lbs., was the second favourite. Pireus seemed to be winning until he came to the corner of the paddock, when Wallenstein rushed up, and won in a canter by a length. In the Liverpool Cup Pireus had beaten Wallenstein by a length; but at Shrewsbury Wallenstein was meeting Pireus at an advantage of a stone in weight, which effected a reversal in their relative positions. Peter behaved well, for once in his life, but his weight stopped him. The Shrewsbury Cup was won by Spitzbergen, who started first favourite. The weather at

Shrewsbury was not so wretched as it usually is at that meeting. It may be added that at most of the principal race-meetings this season the weather has been fine. We will now dismiss the subject of horse-racing until next spring.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF MR. BRIGHT.*

IF Mr. Smith's work had possessed greater historical interest and greater literary merit, he would have been unfortunate in repeating the story which has been much better told by Mr. John Morley in his *Life of Cobden*. Probably Mr. Smith has ascertained by a previous venture of the same kind that there is a market for compilations from old newspapers relating to eminent politicians. The modern practice of writing biographies of living persons is not to be commended; but neither in his *Life of Mr. Gladstone* nor in his present work has Mr. Smith been guilty of any violation of privacy, or of any indiscreet criticism. Both books are written, or compiled, in a tone of indiscriminate eulogy which is less offensive than the opposite mode of treatment. Among several biographies of Lord Beaconsfield published in his lifetime, by far the most objectionable was a systematic attack on his character illustrated by a hostile narrative of his public career. In such cases, adulation is better than spite; nor would any generous writer undertake the biography of a living person except under the influence of admiration or goodwill. The *Life of Mr. Bright* was even more unnecessary than the corresponding history of Mr. Gladstone. In both cases the facts related were hackneyed and notorious; but Mr. Gladstone is not in the habit, like Mr. Bright, of delivering an autobiography as often as he attends a public meeting. Mr. Bright's speeches have been collected and published by Mr. Thorold Rogers; and Mr. Barnett Smith can only supply a few passages or early speeches which his predecessor intentionally and judiciously omitted. There is perhaps a certain interest in the rudimentary efforts of the great orator, who seems to have been as bitter and intolerant in his early youth as in the height of his powers. His style, as might be expected, improved largely with practice, while his temper has remained the same. No great speaker ever took less trouble to disguise his hatred of his opponents. Mr. Bright appreciates in others the worst qualities of his own oratory. In his latest address to his neighbours at Rochdale he selected for especial praise two speeches by Scotch tenant-farmers who had both in the same words denounced landlords as knaves and fools. It is, of course, not to be expected that his faithful biographer should either dissent from his opinions or criticize his language.

In his frequent enumerations of his own public services Mr. Bright sometimes expresses with evident sincerity the belief that he would personally have been well content to devote his life to the conduct of his own manufacturing business, if he had not been urged by a sense of duty into political agitation. If the opportunity of public life had never been offered, Mr. Bright might perhaps have devoted all his energies to profitable industry; but he would have been haunted by a more or less definite consciousness of the waste of extraordinary faculties. Mute inglorious Miltons, if they anywhere exist, must pass unhappy lives. Demosthenes, like Mr. Bright, inherited a factory; but he is not known to have persuaded himself that the cultivation of his cutlery business would have been as suitable an exercise of his genius as his lifelong struggle with the Macedonian power. Mr. Bright had, fortunately for himself, less formidable enemies to deal with; and, unlike the Greek orator, he has always, except at the time of the Crimean war, been on the winning side. His education, his circumstances, and his interests have determined his opinions, though he may be pardoned for his habitual boast of the wisdom and high principle by which he naturally deems himself to have been guided. There is now no difference of opinion as to the injustice and inexpediency of the Corn Law; but there was never any doubt that it was opposed to the interest of spinners and weavers at Rochdale. Mr. Bright's menacing invectives were almost as efficient as Cobden's economic arguments in promoting the formidable agitation of the League. His great intellectual powers were stimulated to their highest activity by a burning sense of wrong. After forty years Mr. Bright is as indignant as if he were still in the height of the contest with the landowners who imposed and maintained the duty on corn. For the general theory of Free-trade, though his doctrines are perfectly orthodox, he has never displayed any extraordinary enthusiasm. His attachment to the Americans and their institutions has not been affected by their obstinate adherence to Protection. The coincidence in England of the social and political predominance of an aristocratic class with its interest in protective duties accounts for much of his Free-trade zeal. Only a few months ago he exulted over an imaginary description of the Protectionist landlords flying for their lives as he cruelly suggested that the innocent Irish landowners were flying from the terrors of the Land League.

Though Mr. Bright, and in a smaller degree the other leaders of the Land League, made abundant use of menace and vituperation,

the movement was mainly promoted and supported by the middle class. The vast sums which were subscribed for the furtherance of the agitation were regarded by the contributors rather as an investment than as a sacrifice for a public object. Mr. Cobden promised the manufacturers not that wages would be lowered, but that the demand for their products and the prices received would be indefinitely increased when foreign customers were allowed to pay for their purchases in corn. Mr. Bright dwelt by preference on the injustice of Protection, and on the inability of a privileged class to resist the demands of the people; but, like his colleague, he relied largely on the pecuniary resources which seemed to be capable of almost unlimited augmentation. The agitation in which he engaged at a later period for the extension of the franchise was perhaps still more congenial to his taste. The establishment of household suffrage in boroughs was in a great measure attributable to the energy of Mr. Bright. Lord John Russell, when his popularity began to fail, had revived the movement which had formerly raised him to eminence; but the arguments and phrases which in the days of the Reform Bill had elicited a passionate response, sounded as vapid commonplaces when after an interval they were repeated to the contented survivors. A Reform Bill of 1853 was contemptuously suppressed while the public attention was concentrated on the quarrel between Russia and Turkey. In 1860 Mr. Gladstone's financial measures, including Mr. Cobden's French treaty, easily diverted the House of Commons from the consideration of another of Lord John Russell's measures. Lord Palmerston steadily discountenanced constitutional change, though he allowed his defeated rival to propose a succession of little Reform Bills. The absence of opposition in the House of Commons during Lord Palmerston's last Administration resulted in no small degree from the general confidence that, as long as he remained in office, no organic changes would be seriously attempted. Only a few alarmists attached importance to an incidental declaration of Mr. Gladstone's which seemed to imply his conversion to the doctrine of universal suffrage; but it was observed that from that time the Prime Minister, when he was occasionally absent from the House, no longer allowed himself to be represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When, after Lord Palmerston's death, Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone proposed a moderate extension of the suffrage, Mr. Bright was prepared to accept the compromise; but he may perhaps not have regretted the opportunity of agitation which was afforded by the un concealed distaste of the Whigs for the Ministerial Bill and by the vigorous opposition of Mr. Lowe. The secession of which the present Duke of Westminster was the nominal leader proved fatal to the Bill, and caused the resignation of the Government; but in the meantime, through the agency of Mr. Bright, the scene of contest had been transferred from the House of Commons to the popular platform. In answer to Mr. Lowe's imprudent challenge, Mr. Bright exhorted the unenfranchised population to display their material force, and even to assemble in the neighbourhood of Westminster for the obvious purpose of intimidating Parliament. The Hyde Park riot in which an obscure demagogue played the principal part was one of the many demonstrations which answered Mr. Bright's passionate appeals. During the succeeding autumn he cultivated and almost created a passion for the extension of the suffrage, which became, in the opinion of all parties, irresistible. Two years before no one had seriously thought of Parliamentary reform, though Lord Russell's practical reminiscences of his youth were regarded with amused indulgence. The change of feeling which followed the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Bill would perhaps in any case have occurred; but it might have been delayed or temporarily checked if it had not been organized and stimulated by a great agitator, who was also the first of Parliamentary orators. There were rumours that in 1866 and 1867 Mr. Bright had occasionally used language which seemed to indicate hesitation or doubt. He was said to have observed with perfect truth that popular suffrage would be more democratic in England than in other countries, where a much smaller portion of the community lived on weekly wages. He was also believed to have intimated his purpose of abandoning further agitation if household suffrage were once conceded to the boroughs. He certainly assented to the distinction, reproduced in Mr. Gladstone's Bill, between borough and county qualifications. It is possible that the moderate language which was attributed to Mr. Bright may have been apocryphal, and it would be idle to dispute a consistency which represented his lifelong convictions. Mr. Disraeli, under the pressure of a supposed necessity, or in conformity with his own inclination, introduced a Bill guarded by nominal securities, which were summarily eliminated by Mr. Gladstone. The two party chiefs might claim to have shared in the Bill of 1867; but the chief author of the measure, as having promoted the agitation to which the House of Commons yielded, was Mr. Bright. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor Mr. Gladstone would have prevailed over the reluctance of the House of Commons if the pressure from without had not become formidable. At that time Mr. Gladstone had not become a popular agitator.

Mr. Bright's fame will not rest on his achievements or essays in practical legislation. He has proposed a scheme for the better government of India which has not found a supporter among persons of practical experience; nor, indeed, has the plan any second advocate. The division of the country into five or six independent provinces and the abolition of the Viceroyalty seems not to be recommended by any plausible reason. The most obvious effect would be a great increase in the share of administration

* *The Life and Speeches of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.* By George Barnett Smith. Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

reserved to the Home Government, which would have the task of restraining the encroachments of the local Governments on one another and of generally promoting harmony and uniformity. In Irish affairs Mr. Bright has had the merit of discerning that the difficulties were rather agrarian than political; but among the remedies which he has proposed are the abolition of large estates and the more general application of the Encumbered Estates Act. It is now well known that the largest properties have been most liberally managed; and that purchasers under the Estates Act have been unable to emulate the liberality of the territorial magnates. The scandalous wrong which has been inflicted on the modern holder under a Parliamentary title is perhaps the most disgraceful passage in recent Irish history. Mr. Bright's desire for the institution of small freeholders is better known, but at present there seems to be little chance that the experiment will be tried on a considerable scale. Any subdivision which fell short of the creation of peasant freeholds would only have aggravated existing evils. It cannot be said that Mr. Barnett Smith has thrown any light either on political questions or on Mr. Bright's personal history. Of his style it is sufficient to say that he almost always calls Mr. Bright "the right honourable gentleman," and that "honourable gentlemen" are mentioned as if the title were commonly used, and "learned gentlemen" for the most part with a sneer.

MADDEN'S COINS OF THE JEWS.*

THE coinage of the Jews claims a more general interest than belongs perhaps to any other branch of numismatics, though this interest is of a rather factitious kind. Almost every schoolboy collection of coins includes a false shekel, one of those pieces which seem to be poured upon the world in inexhaustible numbers. Persons a little older than the schoolboy handle the coin with reverence, and speculate whether it may have been actually one among the "thousand pieces of silver" which Abimelech gave to Abraham, or among those other twenty pieces for which Joseph was sold to the Midianitish merchants. It is not so very long since even grave writers upon numismatics discussed questions such as these. It was to be feared that if the general reader knew rather more upon the subject of Jewish coins, his interest in them would abate. He cannot be expected to consider too curiously the difference between italics and roman type in the Authorized Version, or to reflect how much of the significance of the phrase "twenty pieces of silver" is due to the insertion of the word piece. It is natural, therefore, for him to assume that coins were in existence in the days of Abraham and of Joseph. But, unfortunately, that is impossible, seeing that the art of coinage had not been discovered in the days of Abraham and Joseph, nor, for that matter, in the days of David or of Solomon. And as for the coinage of the Jews, it does not begin until such time as the Bible history has ceased. It is in a certain sense of the word apocryphal. There are, therefore, two circumstances which give to Jewish numismatics in their relationship to the general public a factitious character; first, the fact that most of the supposed Jewish coins in the hands of private collectors are false coins, and, secondly, the fact that the great majority of the amateur collectors have a quite erroneous notion touching the antiquity of these pieces.

There will still remain, however, a sufficient number of the experts to give a genuine welcome to Mr. Madden's book, which we may fairly call the most complete treatise upon Jewish coins which has yet appeared in any country. The writer has been long a labourer in this field. In 1864 he published his *History of the Jewish Coinage*, which was practically the first edition of the present work. Since then he has from time to time contributed papers upon this subject to the *Numismatic Chronicle*, the journal devoted to this class of studies. Meanwhile, between the publication of Mr. Madden's first and second editions, other writers who had preceded him have returned to the subject, and he has gained the advantage of comparing his results with theirs. Of these writers the principal have been Signor Cavedoni in Italy, Herr Reichardt in Germany, and M. F. de Sauley in France; all three writers of high ability and reputation. Mr. Madden does not unfrequently indulge in a strain of exultation over the mistakes which he has detected in the writings of his predecessors, and which he emphasizes in his footnotes by marks of exclamation. It would be more becoming to remember that those who come after have always the advantage of being able to avoid many of the errors of their predecessors; while these very errors have in no small degree made smooth the road which they are treading.

The early theory concerning the origin of the Jewish coins, which was proposed forty years ago or more by the Abbé Cavedoni, made them begin at the time of that recovered independence of Judæa which resulted from the successful revolt under the Maccabees. This theory was adopted by Mr. Madden in his *History of the Jewish Coinage*, and he has adhered to it in the present volume. Meanwhile, however, M. de Sauley had successively put forward two other theories as to the beginning of money in Judæa. According to the one first propounded, the Jewish coinage began just after the threatened destruction of Jerusalem by Alexander the Great, and his subsequent pacification

by means of the mission which was despatched to him headed by the High Priest Jaddua. It is well known how, after the fall of Tyre, Alexander marched towards Jerusalem with the intention of inflicting upon its inhabitants an exemplary punishment on account of their previous refusal to assist him in his recent siege; and how at Sapha he was met by a solemn procession headed by this Jaddua. The High Priest recalled the prophecy of Daniel which seemed to foretell the empire of Alexander; and Alexander recalled to mind a vision which he himself had had, wherein this very Jaddua seemed to appear before him. So, on the basis of this mutual recognition of supernatural favour extended to the other, a peace was made between Alexander and the Jews. According to the theory of De Sauley, the right of coinage was at that time granted to the latter and by them put in force. This view was accepted by the reviewer of De Sauley's *Numismatique Judaïque* in the *Revue Numismatique* for 1855, though the writer of that critique does not show himself a great master of the matter in hand. In 1857 the same theory was examined in some detail by Mr. John Evans in the pages of the *Numismatic Chronicle*, and, with some hesitation, was accepted by him also. Nevertheless, it was eventually abandoned by its author, who then proposed to take back the first Jewish coins to the days of the rebuilding of the Temple and of the walls of Jerusalem by Ezra and Nehemiah, shortly after the return of the Jews from captivity. Mr. Madden himself, in some papers communicated to the *Numismatic Chronicle* in 1874, seemed to look upon this view with favour, though he eventually returned to the Maccabæan date.

After the thorough sifting which these various theories have received, and the advance which numismatic study has made during the last few years, we have no hesitation in deciding in favour of Abbé Cavedoni's and of Mr. Madden's view. M. F. Lenormant, we notice, who has done so much to establish the study of numismatics upon a wide and scientific basis, has returned to the Maccabæan date, though at first he adopted the Ezra date proposed by De Sauley. And, without attempting in this place to enter into the more technical arguments which affect the question, it will be easy to show how much more satisfactory from the point of view of the general historian is the theory which would make the Jewish coinage begin under Simon Maccabæus.

The pieces about which all this discussion has arisen are the well-known shekels, the class of coin out of all the Jewish series with which the general reader is most likely to have some acquaintance, even though it be only derived from forged imitations of the shekel. On one side the piece bears the representation of a chalice supposed to be one of the holy vessels of the Temple. On the other side is a stalk with three flowers, commonly described as "Aaron's rod that budded." These pieces extend over five years only. They come to an end with the death of Simon Maccabæus, and with them comes to an end the silver coinage of the house of the Maccabees, the Asmonean house. Copper coins, however, were also struck by Simon; and the series in this metal continues throughout the rule of the Asmonean kings, and that of the princes of the Idumæan dynasty, until the outbreak of the First Revolt. Adopting, then, the theory that the first Jewish coins were struck by Simon the Maccabee, we find that the whole coinage of the country forms a continuous series. It is obviously much more natural to find money occurring thus in a series almost unbroken, from Simon the Asmonean to Agrippa the Second the Idumæan, than to find a coinage springing spasmodically into life and again dying out. It should be remembered, too, that the result of recent researches into the origin of coinage in Greece and Lydia (that is to say, the origin of coinage in the world) has tended altogether in the direction of diminishing the number of examples of isolated and spasmodic issues of coins such as might have been cited as parallel instances to the supposed mintage of Jewish shekels under Ezra and Nehemiah. There was, it must be admitted, on any theory a somewhat spasmodic character attaching to the issue of the silver coinages of Judæa. The continuous series of money can only be made out by means of the copper coins. Nevertheless, this use and subsequent disuse of silver money is altogether consistent with the Maccabæan theory, and, indeed, affords upon that theory one of the most interesting examples possible of the way in which the coinage of a people is often a sort of epitome of its history.

In the history of the Jews after their return from the captivity in Babylon there were three epochs at which they had won for themselves, by force of arms, an almost complete independence of any neighbouring power, an independence lasting for a longer or shorter time, as the case might be. The first and greatest of these periods of complete national life and true autonomy was that which followed the victories of the Maccabees. Judas Maccabæus began his career when Judæa was groaning under the tyranny of the Seleucid king Antiochus Epiphanes. After the death of Judas, and under the rule of his brother Simon, the Jews obtained the formal recognition of their independence at the hands of Antiochus VII. It was at this moment that appeared the first Jewish coins, which were, as we have said, the silver shekels. This silver coinage disappeared with the death of Simon; but a Jewish silver coinage again arose at the time of the First Jewish Revolt under Vespasian (A.D. 66-7), when the nation once more enjoyed a short-lived freedom. Between the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 and the breaking out of the Second Revolt under Simon Barcochab in A.D. 132, none but Imperial coins were struck in Judæa; but at the outbreak of this revolt a Jewish silver

* *The International Numismata Orientalia*. Vol. II. *Coins of the Jews*. By Frederic W. Madden, M.R.A.S. Trübner & Co.

coinage once more, and for the last time, appeared. It is obvious that the idea of autonomy is more closely associated with the right of striking coins in the precious metals than with the right of striking only copper coins. We know how Rome almost always withdrew the former right from the Greek cities which she had conquered, but allowed them to retain the latter. Almost within our own days private enterprises, such as, for example, some of the Welsh mining companies, have been permitted to issue a kind of token money in copper, but they would never have been allowed to strike silver or gold. Thus the three series of Jewish silver coins tell an interesting history of their own. It is a curious though purely accidental circumstance that each of the series should have been issued by a Simon—the first by Simon Maccabeus, the second by the priests Simon and Eleazar, the third by Simon Barcochab, “the Son of a Star.”

The coins of Simon Maccabeus differ in other ways than in the metal of the greater number of them from those of his successors. Mr. Madden has not devoted much space to the tracing of the origin of the types of the Jewish coins. And this is a circumstance to be regretted, because of all the subtle testimony to history which is given by coins there is none more valuable than that which is yielded by a comparison of the coin types of various countries; and it is just through the reading of small but expressive signs such as these that numismatics can become so useful a handmaid to history. Nor can the majority of Mr. Madden's readers be expected to have such a familiarity with contemporary classes of coins as would enable them to gather this information unaided. Both the types and the legends of Simon's coins are appropriate to the circumstances in which they were issued. They seem to breathe the national spirit which fostered and encouraged the heroic deeds of the Maccabees. Of the types of the shekel—the chalice and Aaron's rod—we have already spoken. The legends on these coins are “Jerusalem the Holy.” On the copper coins of the same Simon the legend is “The Redemption of Zion.” In the subsequent issue there occurs a change which is expressive of the change in the times. The successor of Simon, John Hyrcanus I., preserved intact the kingdom which he had received, and even extended its boundaries. But he did not keep the enthusiasm of the people up to the same pitch of fever-heat which it had reached under the three great Maccabees, Judas, Jonathan, and Simon; perhaps it would have been impossible to do this. Civil discords, as we know, broke out, and John's reign ended in bloody contests between the Pharisees and the Sadducees. We may well believe that John allowed himself to be more influenced by the neighbouring attraction of Greek manners and culture than his predecessor had been, for at the end of his reign he left the severe national party, the Pharisees, and passed over to their adversaries. The coins of John Hyrcanus seem to reflect the various influences to which the prince himself was subjected. On the obverse these pieces bear the Greek A with the legend beneath it, *Ἰερόκλεος ἡγεμόνων ἡγεμόνων*, “Johanan the High Priest and the Senate of the Jews.” Thus the Hebrew legend asserts the supremacy of the Sanhedrin; but the A on the obverse is the initial of the name of the Seleucid king, Alexander Zebinas, and commemorates an alliance which was made between Alexander and Hyrcanus. On the reverse of these coins are two cornucopie, and this is a device copied from the contemporary Seleucid coins. It first appears, we believe, on the pieces of this same Alexander Zebinas. During the days of John's successor, Judas Aristobulus, the same types continue; but towards the end of the reign of Alexander Jannæus, we have a further evidence of a Grecizing tendency on the part of the Asmonean princes—which, by the way, is also suggested by such names as Aristobulus and Alexander—in the introduction of a complete Greek legend on the reverses of the coins—namely, *ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ*. In the coins of this reign we distinguish, moreover, two Seleucid types, the anchor and the double cornucopie.

With the accession of the Idumean house the sovereignty really passed away from the Jews. Herod was never acknowledged as a Jew, and though he rebuilt the Temple with great splendour, he defiled it in the eyes of the orthodox by fixing up a brazen eagle in the porch. Moreover, he introduced the circus and various heathenish celebrations. We need not, therefore, be surprised to find that his coins, and those of his successors, are less Jewish and more distinctly Greek in type and legend than even the later coins of the preceding dynasty. Herod introduced the Macedonian shield and helmet upon his money. Most of his successors recurred to the older Seleucid types of the anchor and the cornucopie. The legends on the money of this dynasty are always in Greek.

Among the most interesting of the whole series of Jewish coins are the pieces which were struck during the two revolts. The types of the coins in these two series are frequently repeated, and this circumstance makes it a matter of some difficulty to class them in their proper sequence. It has been already said that in these coins of the revolts a silver issue once more appears. We return, in fact, for a short time to a coinage which is, in the true sense of the word, Jewish, and not, like the preceding issues, only struck in Judæa. The “Year of the Redemption of Israel,” “Deliverance of Zion,” “The Deliverance of Jerusalem,” “Year of the Deliverance of Jerusalem,” are the usual legends, written, of course, in Hebrew, no longer in Greek. The types are the symbolic vine-leaf or bunch of grapes, or a palm-tree, the beautiful gate of the Temple, a lyre or a vase; shortly after the suppression of the First Revolt were issued the well-known “Judæa capta” coins of Vespasian and of Titus.

Mr. Madden has done his work with scholarlike thoroughness, and has produced a book which will, we believe, long remain the *locus classicus* of the subject of Jewish numismatics. Seeing that so much research had to be gone through on the question with which he was directly concerned, we venture to think that he might with advantage have omitted those extra chapters on the “Invention of Coined Money” and on “Writing” with which he prefaces his work. The question of the origin of the Phœnician alphabet has not yet been satisfactorily settled. M. Lenormant has never completed his promised work upon the subject; and we may fairly suppose that he has given up many of the notions with which he started. Mr. Madden, we think, trusts too much to the authority of Lenormant's published writings upon this question.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

THE present volume appears in fulfilment of the promise given in the first issue of the Letters of Dickens to the effect that more letters were forthcoming; and it contains nothing but letters, as the brief narrative of the life of the writer, which accompanied the former collection, was completed in it. The subjects of correspondence, as before, are varied; some are serious and important, others light and playful; while a few seem hardly deserving of the pains that have been taken to preserve them. The letters addressed to Mr. Rusden, Clerk to the House of Parliament in Melbourne, may be taken as representing the same class of correspondence as that addressed to M. de Cérjat, of Lausanne, in the former volumes. Both recipients were at a distance, and discussions and opinions on politics and events occur in them which would not be so suitable if sent to friends separated by a less wide interval of space and time. Dickens and his correspondent at the antipodes never met; but much kindness was shown by Mr. Rusden to the two sons of Dickens who went to Australia, for which he was always grateful.

Some of the best of the letters now printed are those written to Professor Felton, an American friend of Dickens, which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. A vein of pleasantry about oyster-eating is to be found in them, which gives occasion to some of the happiest fun and humorous exaggeration of the author of *Pickwick*. In a letter, dated in 1842, in the month of May—which, by the way, is a month without an *r* in it, and therefore is appropriate for the discussion of the question put—Dickens wrote to know what the oyster-openers do when oysters are not in season—“Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically-sealed bottles for practice? *Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season. Who knows?*” In another place Mr. Felton is instructed in the story of the once famous Dando, who was known to have eaten twenty dozen at one sitting, and might have eaten forty if his personality and his habit of never paying, which had almost acquired the right of a legal prescription, had not dawned upon the terrified shopman. A graphic account of the death of this heroic glutton is given—in the House of Correction—and how they buried him in the prison-yard, and paved his grave with oyster-shells. A Sam Weller of real life appears in one of the letters which Mr. Felton was so lucky as to get, a sort of groom belonging to Dickens, who, having to announce to his master the approach of an interesting event in his family, adds the philosophic reflection, “Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur!” The serio-comic scene at a funeral, also described for the benefit of the Professor, is irresistibly droll, but must be read at length to be duly enjoyed. In an amusing account of his favourite Broadstairs—“our watering-place”—he says, “Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands, whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants”; and the North Foreland lighthouse is called “a severe parsonic light which reproves the young and giddy floaters and stares grimly out upon the sea.”

In a different strain are the letters to Lady Blessington from Italy, in 1844. Dickens had been seeing the amphitheatre at Verona, and makes a good point of the traces of their ring left at one end of the arena by a strolling troop of equestrian performers, who had been there some days before; and looking down from the topmost seat he compares the theatre to “an immense straw hat . . . the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.” Venice surpassed expectation; Rome was full of interest; but Naples greatly disappointed Dickens. Yet he writes of Vesuvius that “it burns away in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming, night and day, each in its fullest glory.” From Paris, in 1847, he writes of the beautiful actress Rose Chéri, whom he saw in Clarissa Harlowe, and compares her death upon the stage with that of Macready in *King Lear*. He went to see Victor Hugo, and describes his house as “a most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the property room of some gloomy, vast, old theatre.” His wife was there also, and a little daughter. “Sitting among old armour, and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden

* *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Edited by his Sister-in-law and his Eldest Daughter. Vol. III. 1836 to 1870. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1862.

balls, they made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books."

Other letters refer to matters of grave political and social interest, and opinions are given upon very important questions. The writer who described the abuses of the Fleet Prison, who invented the immortal Mrs. Gamp, and who laid bare the iniquities of such schools as Dotheboys Hall, cannot be said to have been without influence in dealing with many then existing abuses. But it must always remain a matter for controversy whether Dickens was more the pioneer or the follower of public opinion in the reforms he ventilated, either in his works of fiction or in more solemn and serious ways. His temperament was certainly not of a kind to qualify him to take a permanent and constant part in public or political life—at any rate, in concert with others. He was too much disposed to stand aloof from, and not to sympathize with, movements in which he did not himself take a leading part. A characteristic instance of this tendency appears in a letter to the late Lord Lytton (then Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer), written from Devonshire Terrace on the famous April 10, 1848. When all London was stirred to the heart, and was making a magnificent display of loyalty and attachment to the cause of order and government, and when all classes were enrolling themselves as extraordinary guardians of the public peace, Dickens could write—"I have not been a special constable myself to-day, thinking there was rather an epidemic in that wise abroad. I walked over and looked at the preparations without any baggage, warrant, or affidavit." And this sneer was launched against a grand exhibition of moral and physical strength, which saved the metropolis and the country at large from the intended commencement of an insurrectionary movement, and which was of important service in restoring confidence to the Governments on the Continent of Europe.

Several of the letters to Sir E. B. Lytton are full of the preparations for acting the play of *Not so Bad as We Seem*, by Dickens and his amateur company, for the benefit of the then newly-projected Guild of Literature and Art. Dickens threw himself into the scheme with all the energy of his nature when interested in what he believed to be a good and righteous cause; and the performances of the play were most successful, as they deserved to be, at Devonshire House, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and at many places out of London. The plan for the regeneration and exaltation of literary workers was believed in enthusiastically by its promoters. It was "entirely to change the status of the literary man in England, and make a revolution in his position, which no Government, no power on earth but his own, could ever effect." Later on, when the play was being performed in the provinces, Dickens writes:—"I sincerely believe we have the ball at our feet, and may throw it up to the very Heaven of Heavens." Alas for the vanity of human wishes, and the non-fulfilment of great expectations! The undertaking that was launched with so much zeal, whether from inherent faults, or from some want of practical wisdom in the councils of its founders, never reached the stage of getting into working order; and it is said that its funds are likely to be applied for the benefit of literary men through other channels, and not altogether under the conditions originally contemplated.

The correspondence with Mr. W. H. Wills is valuable as exhibiting Dickens as an editor in communication with the chief of his staff. His kindly and conscientious desire to do the right thing in the best way is admirably shown, and there are delicious bits of frolic and humour which crop up among the business details. In 1853 the question of national defence for England was much agitated, and how much common sense there is in the remarks of Dickens in reference to some hostile critic of what was being done:—

Surely he cannot be insensible to the fact that military preparations in England at this time means Defence. Woman, says —, means Home, love, children, Mother. Does he not find any protection for these things in a wise and moderate means of defence; and is not the union between these things and these means one of the most natural, significant, and plain in the world?

In a letter to Henry F. Chorley occur some excellent words of advice to speakers and lecturers in public:—"Never let a sentence go for the thousandth part of an instant until the last word is out." And, again:—"A spoken sentence will never run alone in all its life, and is never to be trusted to itself, in its most insignificant member. See it *well out*—with the voice—and the part of the audience is made surprisingly easier." How much, indeed, might the woes of long-suffering audiences who have to hear speakers pretending to speak, and who cannot speak, be diminished if every one who has ever to lift up his voice in public would pay some little attention towards learning the simple elements for success which require to be remembered! Dickens in his hints to Chorley was not preaching what he did not himself practise, for his voice in acting, and in his public readings, if sometimes a little hard, was always telling, and was distinctly audible in the remotest part of the largest halls.

In his counsels to authors, young or experienced, Dickens was always careful and considerate—to an extent surprising in a man of his many engagements, and who was always doing his own work under heavy pressure. His sympathy with all literary labourers was deep and unfeigned, and he spared no pains in affording assistance when he thought it was wanted and deserved. A letter in 1866 to an anonymous lady should be read by all aspirants to literary fame or employment. He points out the common mistake of supposing that there are impenetrable barriers against so-called "outsiders," and "charmed circles" to which admission

can only be obtained by favour, and adds:—"I know that any one who can write what is suitable to the requirements of my own journal, for instance, is a person I am heartily glad to discover, and do not very often find." He concludes with the wholesome observation, "I do not regard successful fiction as a thing to be achieved in 'leisure moments';" and this is obviously in reply to some suggestion made by his correspondent. One may wonder how much of the stock-in-trade in fiction of the circulating libraries is written in "leisure moments"; and, on the whole, one may perhaps safely come to the conclusion that much, or most, of it is so written.

Later onwards the remarks on Fechter's acting are valuable contributions to dramatic criticism, although all may not agree with Dickens in thinking that he was equal to Macready in *The Lady of Lyons*, and the observation that there was obviously a great interest in seeing a Frenchman play the part is unworthy of the writer. If it were true, the whole play, in which all the characters are French, and the scene of which is laid in France, would have been better if all the parts had been played by Frenchmen, who would only have been known as such by their sharing Fechter's own imperfect pronunciation of English.

Writing to Mr. Rusden in 1869, Dickens made a sort of prophecy which is worth quoting at the present time:—

The general feeling in England is a desire to get the Irish Church out of the way of many social reforms. . . . I do not believe myself that agrarian Ireland is to be pacified by any such means, or can have it got out of its mistaken head that the land is of right the peasantry's; and that every man who owns land has stolen it, and is therefore to be shot.

Another prediction made in the same year, of the approaching extinction of the Mormons, although at one time it seemed likely to be verified, now unfortunately appears not to be so certain of fulfilment. The degrading phase of a degenerating civilization which they exhibit still flourishes, nor is it easy to foresee, at this moment, how their pernicious and abominable career can be checked.

THE OLD FACTORY.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Westall's book would obviously never have been written but for the example set him in *Haworth's*, we have no intention of reproaching him on that account. It needs must be that imitations appear, and when they are readable there is no necessity to be exacting in requiring originality. Now *The Old Factory* is decidedly a readable book. We say "book," because we have our doubts how far it is entitled to be called a novel. In spite of a more than sufficiently common practice to the contrary, a novel is generally supposed to require a plot, or at least a coherent story, and *The Old Factory* is nearly destitute of anything of the kind. There is a story in the three volumes, but it is very far from filling them. It is a common thing enough for the plot of a three-volume novel to prove unable to stretch over all of them; but, as a rule, it is to be found in the first and the beginning of the second; whereas in *The Old Factory* it begins somewhat after the usual place of ending. More than the first half of the work is occupied with preliminaries. We do not remember ever to have come across any book which is written so much on what may be called the method of harking back. That a writer, having drawn us an interesting *mise en scène*, should go back some way to show how it was produced is a thing allowable and warranted by good examples; but he must not do it three times over, as Mr. Westall does. Having given us a picture of the hero about to start for school, he goes back to show us how he came to be going, and then, after the history of various things which happened at the time, goes further back still to show us how the hero ever came to be at all. We conclude that the boy about to go to school must take rank as the hero; for it is his marriage which forms the subject of what plot *The Old Factory* has, and which makes the proper happy ending for the third volume. We decidedly prefer that part of the book which is anterior to the plot. It is full of sketches of the old and evil days of Lancashire weaving, when the new machines were just coming in, to the ruin of the old hand-weavers, and had not yet made the fortune of the new race of masters while improving the condition of their men.

Mr. Westall begins with a description of the home of his hero, Frank Blackthorne. Frank is the son of "a manufacturer of the old school," Adam Blackthorne, a well-drawn and interesting character, whose life, home, and works are described in a fairly vivid manner. But, as the author goes back several chapters further on for the purpose of bringing Adam Blackthorne up to date, we will follow his method, and confine ourselves at present to this stage in the fortunes of the son. Frank has just passed through the not uncommon experience of spending several years at a private school and learning nothing. The author stops to give us an account of this school "of the old sort"; but it contains nothing more remarkable than an indolent master, who woke up at intervals to a sense of his duties, and caned his pupils soundly all round. Allowing for a diminished use of the cane, this sort of school is not so old as Mr. Westall seems to think. However, Frank is now about to start for a new one, which is not destined to prove much more satisfactory, and "Yorkshire Joe" is to take him. This gives Mr. Westall a chance of doing what he does best—sketch a type of North-country workman, and give a picture of old-world life. Yorkshire Joe is general

* *The Old Factory: a Lancashire Story.* By William Westall, Author of "Larry Lohengrin," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

handy man in Adam Blackthorne's Old Factory—a wiry Yorkshire-man who can turn his hand to nearly anything from driving a cart to mending a wall, who does his work well and with fidelity to his master, but is unable to resist the attractions of a vile compound known as “buttered gin.” Blackthorne trusts him because Joe never drinks anybody's money but his own, and, however drunk, can always bring the cart home. On this occasion, his master thinks he can be trusted to take Frank to school, for his pocket is empty, and only just as much as will cover the necessary expenses is given him for the journey. The journey to the school across a country covered with snow is well described, and the author makes Joe the mouthpiece for little sketches of the pinched and poverty-stricken hand-weavers of the day which have some merit, and, what is far from being the case with much in the *Old Factory*, a direct bearing on the story. Adam Blackthorne is far from being popular in the country. He is a hard man, ruling his workmen with a hand of iron, and eager to welcome the new machinery which the hand-weavers look upon as their natural enemy. It is just in the evil times of the Luddites, and Blackthorne's factory is marked for wrecking. By an accident, the manufacturer is in considerable danger of falling a victim to the hatred of his people before his mill is attacked. In the very second chapter he has thrown a workman out of his house when the man came to ask for certain wages which Blackthorne had confiscated for some dereliction of duty. On the night on which his son has left home the manufacturer has become impatient at Joe's delay in returning, and goes out to look for him. He is seen by “Little Fourteen,” the man he has so roughly got rid of, and immediately pursued by him and several half-drunken companions. The men are resolved on treating him in the manner which still distinguishes Lancashire, and punishing him with their clogs, and although Blackthorne's great strength and coolness enable him to hold his ground, and even to dispose of two of his assailants, he is in serious danger when the belated Joe turns up and saves him. Fortunately for his master, the Yorkshireman has got drunk on a tip given him by Frank's new schoolmaster, and has then slept off his “buttered gin” and “fettled ale” in a barn where he has overheard a body of Luddites arranging to wreck his master's mill. Joe hurries home with the news, and arrives just in the nick of time. The preparations for the attack on the mill, the sketches of the Luddite leaders, Dearden and Grindleton, and the result of the fight at the mill, which is effectively defended by Blackthorne, make some interesting chapters. The meeting of the Luddites and the speech of Long Peter fro' Whitworth make an episode which is considerably better than most of the author's very numerous digressions. The method of defence, however, which Blackthorne adopts at the suggestion of his partner Basel, strikes us as being a trifle fantastic. Dummies dressed up as soldiers, steam-pipes turned into cannon, and the turning on of the water-pipes, would scarcely have frightened the Luddites.

Having consigned Frank to the new private school, where he is to go on learning nothing, unless an efficient spell for raising the devil be allowed to count as something, and beaten the Luddites off from the Old Factory, the author goes back many years to account for Adam Blackthorne's possession of that building, and to give the history of his wooing and winning of Rachel Orme, his wife. The chapters which are devoted to this form by far the best part of the three volumes. With the help of a little of what precedes them, and the suppression of Mr. Frank's poor love story which follows them, they would make a pleasant little tale of far higher artistic value than the three volumes of *The Old Factory*. The history of Adam Blackthorne is not written either with power or with any considerable originality; but it is an agreeable and credible picture of a stamp of man always common enough in England, but never seen to such perfection as in the North country during the first half of this century. Adam Blackthorne is a thoroughly self-made man. He comes of a strong wholesome stock of yeomen and weavers, all trained to be frugal and laborious, and equally able to drive the plough or the loom. The nature of their work gave them a width of training unknown among the mere handicraftsmen of the great cities of to-day. Their independence gave them a certain pride, infinitely more healthy than the modern class hatred of workmen to employer. Adam finds himself at the age of twenty left penniless by the death of his father. The little property of the family is just enough to secure the widow a small annuity, and Adam is left to push his way in the world with “a pair of stalwart arms and legs conform,” under the guidance of a good clear head, in which a love of money does not interfere with an instinct for doing good work for the work's sake. His hard-earned knowledge of what good weaving is gets him a place as “putter out,” under a Mr. Broome, and his sagacity in checking the weavers' trick of taking spare yarn, known as “mooter,” makes him a valuable servant. On his master's death Adam, acting by the advice of one Paul Dogget, a spinner of the old illiterate stamp who made big fortunes by judicious rule of thumb, starts out as manufacturer on his own account with what little savings he has, and the confidence the spinners have in his brains and integrity. The fight is hard; but, by incessant toil, and doing three times as much with his own hands as any of his men, Adam works his way to success. Like most men who have risen from the ranks, he is hard to his men, thinking his duty to them done when he pays their wages, and not unwilling to back up his hard words with hard blows. When he is fairly on the road to success Adam very naturally marries, and the history of his courtship makes a very

pleasant little idyl. With what is only a very superficial inconsistency with his rough nature, he chooses his wife for her beauty and the charm of her character. The author has very properly connected Blackthorne's one romance with the one element of sentiment and tenderness which softened the rough money-getting Northern life. Rachel Orme is the niece of a shining light of the religious world of Lancashire, one Nancy Cooper, a “painful woman,” much troubled about her soul and the souls of her neighbours, but shrewd in the honest getting of money, and the putting of it out in safe mortgages. The story of the loves of Rachel and Adam is told with feeling and some humour: She has been brought up to believe that all human love is an offence to God, after the manner of many religious sects which look harder and narrower than they are. Her love causes her many tears and searchings of heart. As for Adam, he is troubled with no such doubts, but goes gallantly forward, thrashing a big blacksmith who is rude to Rachel, and enduring many sermons that he may see her and overcome the very probable opposition of Nancy Cooper to her niece's marriage with so worldly a young man. Of course Nancy is conquered, and is finally so far won over by Adam that when, years after his marriage, a chance is offered him of buying “The Old Factory,” she finds the capital and starts him fairly on the road to fortune. A fortunate meeting with a M. Basel, a Swiss chemist, who becomes his partner, does the rest, and Adam becomes a very wealthy man. Here, however, the really meritorious part of the book ends. A woman like Rachel, with her high and earnest sense of duty, and so strong a man as Adam, should have been the parents of a race worthy of them; but, alas! that is very far from being the case. Perhaps it may be Mr. Westall's irony which gave them such children as the weak snob Frank and his selfish sister, who are both mere shadows as compared with their parents; but we fear it is only fatigue and the dreary sense of having to make bricks without straw which comes of the tyrannical law of the three volumes. When we say that M. Basel has a fair daughter, and that there is a designing young person with views on Frank, and a great deal of law for the accuracy of which we should be sorry to vouch, we have said enough to show what the nature of the plot of *The Old Factory* is when the author at last unfortunately gets to it. It is only fair to say, however, that little sketches of Lancashire life, which are what the author is strongest in, are to be found, though in diminished numbers, even to the end.

SHAIRP'S ASPECTS OF POETRY.*

THE somewhat miscellaneous character of these “Aspects” needs no defence to those who are acquainted with the conditions of that curiously regulated Professorship, the Chair of Poetry at Oxford; and Professor Shairp very properly gives the necessary information in his preface to those who do not know them. The Professor holds his office for five years, on the terms of giving one lecture a term. This cannot be said to be a very heavy tax on him, inasmuch as it amounts to but fifteen lectures in all, or twenty if the nominal, instead of the real, number of terms is observed—a point on which we are not certain. But the distribution of the course (if course it may be called) makes it by no means easy to observe anything like continuity in it. It has often been suggested that it would be in every way better if the conditions were altered, say, to the giving of three courses, of eight or ten lectures each, in alternate years, which would give all undergraduates a fair opportunity of listening to the wisdom of the Professor, and would at the same time give the Professor an inducement to attack subjects of bulk and consequence. However, a man can but deal with things as he finds them; and the result has been that for many years the Professorship of Poetry, though it has—especially during Mr. Matthew Arnold's tenure of it—given occasion to many interesting essays and disquisitions of a fragmentary kind, has not produced any one course worthy of the name as a solid and durable contribution of size and weight to English esthetics. The contents of this volume are made more miscellaneous still by the incorporation of some papers which were not written as Oxford lectures at all, but as ordinary magazine essays. Thus, of the fifteen chapters of which the book consists, five only deal with what may perhaps be considered the most legitimate subject of a Professor of Poetry—the aspects of the art in a general sense. These are respectively entitled “The Province of Poetry,” “Criticism and Creation,” “The Spiritual Side of Poetry,” “The Poet as a Revealer,” and “Poetic Style in Modern English Poetry.” Their general tenor may be anticipated by those who are acquainted with Mr. Shairp's usual attitude towards things poetic. That attitude may perhaps best be defined by saying that it is antagonistic to any strict definition of poetry, that it disposes the Professor to give more attention to matter than to form, and to resist any attempt to analyse the poetic charm. There is no need to enter into the controversies which become almost inevitable when subjects such as this are discussed. Professor Shairp is all the more entitled to state his opinions in that they are by no means the most popular or generally held nowadays, and are equally remote from Mr. Matthew Arnold's rigid limitations of the poet to “life” and “conduct,” and from the material liberty and formal restrictions imposed by the art-for-art school. Speaking generally,

* *Aspects of Poetry*. By J. C. Shairp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

Professor Shairp's criticism of abstract poetry is that of a man who admires Wordsworth and Scott above all other poets, and whose dicta in relation to poetry are seldom free from conscious or unconscious reference to one or other of his favourites.

The miscellaneous essays which follow are, as might perhaps be expected in the case of a critic who takes this point of view, of wider interest. There are two on Mr. Carlyle and Cardinal Newman which have to smuggle themselves in under the sub-title of "Prose Poets," and which might perhaps have been better reserved for a volume devoted, not to poetry, but to the *Belles Lettres* in general. One on Virgil, one on Burns, one on Shelley, two on the Poetry of the Highlands, with special reference to Ossian and Duncan Ban MacIntyre, two on Wordsworth ("The Three Yarrowes" and "The White Doe of Rylstone"), and one on Scott, complete the list. Of these, critically speaking, the essay on Scott is the best, and the essay on Shelley the worst. For it follows, from Professor Shairp's general attitude as to poetry, that he is a capital judge of what he likes, but a bad judge of what he does not like or does not understand. Many foolish things have been said lately about Shelley in the way of exaggerated praise. But the exaggeration which comes from over-appreciation, if it be more tedious, is not likely to go so far wrong as the exaggeration which comes from failure to understand. Much of what Mr. Shairp says about Shelley recalls the amazing statement in his book on Burns, in the *English Men of Letters* series, to the effect that the *Jolly Beggars*, one of the finest things of its kind in English, is "decidedly offensive." Mr. Shairp does not like the morals of Burns, and he does not like the religious opinions of Shelley, and no doubt he could give excellent reasons for disliking both. But, while patriotism almost makes him forgive Burns, no such redeeming influence seems to come in to the help of Shelley, and therefore the judgment delivered is somewhat inadequate. On the other hand, the essay on Scott, though there is some fault to be found with the title, "The Homeric Spirit in Scott," is very satisfactory to read. The writer knows his subject thoroughly; he is enthusiastic about it, and he has the great advantage of speaking on it in succession to some other critics who have not known it and have not been enthusiastic about it. The two essays on Wordsworth would, we fear, be dismissed by Mr. Matthew Arnold as "by a Wordsworthian," and there would be some justice in the attribution. But "The Three Yarrowes," at least, is a capital essay, written from the heart, not without fair assistance on the part of the head. That on Virgil may be recommended as putting the case for a poet who is not a great favourite with some professed critics of poetry, earnestly and without the affectation of language which characterizes another Virgilian essay referred to by Mr. Shairp in rather excessive terms of praise—that of Mr. F. W. H. Myers. As often happens, however, this very excess is interesting, because it shows the object which the eulogist has proposed to himself, though, of course, it shows it quite unconsciously. "The Essay," says Professor Shairp, "is the work of one who has seen more clearly and felt more vividly than others have done the peculiar excellence of Virgil, and who longs to make others see and feel it." This is evidently the standard which the Professor has proposed to himself in his own critical lucubrations. He is hortatory and expository rather than didactic, a preacher rather than a professor.

From this point of view, however, we are inclined to think that the most interesting essays in the book are the pair on Highland Poetry. They have, of course, the great advantage of comparative novelty of subject, and of consequent freedom from the operation of La Bruyère's words, "tout est dit, et l'on vient trop tard." The Ossianic controversy has been buried long enough to make the digging up of its bones not merely an inoffensive, but a positively interesting, archeological exhibition. Of the minor Gaelic poets few Englishmen know anything, and hardly any Englishmen very much. With the natural unreasonableness of human beings, we are inclined to grumble at Professor Shairp for not having given us more, when it would be more proper to thank him for having given us what he has. The task is one of those for which, as we have said, he is specially qualified. He has knowledge, and he has a patriotic enthusiasm which will always carry a Scotchman—let no one infer that we think Scotch patriotism must necessarily include things Gaelic—further than anything else. Besides, there is something peculiar in the subject-matter which exactly suits Professor Shairp's ideal of poetry. The Gaelic poets of the past do not distract him between admiration of their form and dislike of their matter, as do Shelley, and in part Burns. Their vague romanticism, their descriptions of nature, their simplicity of thought and feeling, are positively attractive to him. Perhaps he is too confident on the subject of Ossian, but that is a very difficult matter to enter upon. If Mr. Shairp himself, with his knowledge of the language, humbly hopes for "a Gaelic Bentley or Porson" to settle the question, how shall critics who do not pretend to acquaintance with that ancient tongue (of which, to use the words of a cautious Gael, Adam "mecht have had a few worts," even if he did not talk it exclusively) rush in? The only answer to this is, that the Gaelic Bentleys and Porsons have hitherto agreed to differ so completely that it seems as if the question, after all, were rather one of scholarship in the wider sense than of mere particularist philology. To the discussion of the question in this wider sense Professor Shairp has made a contribution of by no means small importance. His own conclusion is that there is, or was, a body of Ossianic poetry, not necessarily identical,

much less coextensive, with Macpherson's work, which belonged to a "time far back beyond the mediæval age," whether there ever was a single bodily Ossian or not. As to Macpherson's work itself, he seems chiefly to rely on its coincidence of feeling and expression with undoubted work of much greater antiquity. But this argument seems somewhat to overlook the fact that a forger, unless utterly ignorant of his subject (which no one pretends that Macpherson was), would naturally aim at this coincidence.

More interesting still is the essay on Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the Gaelic poet, whose life covered the last three-quarters of the eighteenth century and more than the first decade of this, whose work is unquestionably genuine, of high merit as poetry, and particularly attractive as celebrating the older and more primitive Highland life which was usual before the introduction of large sheep-farming. It is rather comical when one remembers the indignant protests against deer and deer forests which are usual with a certain class of politicians nowadays to find this unprejudiced and simple witness regarding and describing the sheep, and not the deer, as the devastator of the Highlands. When Duncan Ban first knew his beloved Black Mount, the mode of life of the inhabitants of the district seems to have been very much like that of Norwegian peasants. The crofters kept their few sheep and cattle in the valleys during all the year but the height of summer, when they drove them up to *eaters* on the Bens. These, for the greater part of the year, were given up to the deer and the roe, the grouse and the blackcock. According to Duncan, the invasion of the sheep was fatal alike to man and to game, and, more than all, to the wood which clothed the hills. It seems really not impossible that this denudation may have had something to do with the impoverishment of the soil, which is alleged to make a thicker population than at present impossible. But, however this may be, Duncan seems to be a good witness to the effect that grouse and deer were not incompatible with Highlandmen. His chief works, as given here by Mr. Shairp in specimen translations, seem to be rapturous descriptions of the mountains which he haunted (for he was long forester to both the great chieftains of the House of Campbell), of the birds and beasts that inhabited them, the woods and grasses that clothed them, the very winds that blew over them. Nowhere, perhaps, is a simpler, as well as a more enthusiastic, delight in nature to be found; and the poems quoted certainly bear out Mr. Shairp's denunciation of "the modern doctrine that enthusiasm for nature is necessarily a late growth." It is true that no one who possessed the slightest acquaintance with mediæval poetry could hold this view, which is a natural result of confining poetical study to modern poetry and to the classical languages. Professor Shairp's excursion into Gaelic has provided him with the *tertium quid* necessary to save him from the error.

SPORT IN THE CRIMEA AND CAUCASUS.*

MR. PHILLIPS-WOLLEY'S account of his adventures in the Crimea and Caucasus has merits which are by no means common in sporting narratives. The author has, on the one hand, refrained from attempting too elaborate a style, and never tries fine writing or indulges in the detestable practice of word-painting; and, on the other, he has avoided the affected jocosity, the affected familiarity, the vulgarity, and the slang which so often mark the sporting writer. He tells his story simply, but by no means weakly, and brings the scenes he describes before his readers with a power which might be envied by many of those whose calling it is to give graphic descriptions of places and things. Then, in addition to being well written, his book possesses the supreme and rare merit of truthfulness. From most hunters' narratives it would appear that the writers never miss. The "coons" would always come down to them if they were wise "coons." But Mr. Phillips-Wolley makes no pretence to that deadly skill which, on paper at least, the destroyers of big game always seem to possess. He is not in the least afraid to record that he missed, and sometimes that he missed clean. Few men would have the courage to recount, as he does at p. 102, how he had a really good chance at a wild boar, but did not touch the animal, or, indeed, to speak of several other misses mentioned in the book. But Mr. Phillips-Wolley is evidently bent on avoiding one great vice of travellers, and adhering absolutely to fact, even when it puts him in a rather ludicrous light. Thus in one place he describes very fully how, in the depths of the forest, he shot in the most approved fashion what he imagined to be a splendid wild boar, and then discovered that he had simply slaughtered a large pig belonging to the man he was staying with; in another how, after careful observation, he all but shot his own servant; in another how his dry-plate photography failed so completely as to make him seem woefully foolish in the eyes of the Caucasians, who expected marvellous pictures. These and other anecdotes in which Mr. Phillips-Wolley shows perfect willingness to raise a laugh against himself have the merit of at once amusing the reader and inspiring him with perfect belief in the author; and when he tells of a successful hunting adventure, or of the utter discomfiture of an insolent Russian or Tartar, a pleasant confidence is felt that he is not departing one hair's-breadth from the truth.

If, however, Mr. Phillips-Wolley's book is in some respects highly

* *Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus*. By Clive Phillips-Wolley, F.R.G.S., late British Vice-Consul at Kertch. London: Bentley & Son.

satisfactory and well worth reading, it is in others decidedly disappointing. Considering that he was Vice-Consul at Kertch, his ignorance of the Caucasus is really surprising. He is not even acquainted with the books which have of late been written about it. He mentions Mr. Freshfield, it is true, but only to show that he has not read his book, for he calls it "The Frosty Caucasus," which Shakspearian title belongs to the narrative of travel written by Mr. F. C. Grove. Baron von Thielman's book Mr. Phillips-Wolley does refer to, but it is merely to quote one of the few inaccurate remarks in that generally accurate work. Of Captain Telfer's learned and elaborate work on Transcaucasia and Mr. Grove's book he apparently knows nothing. It is not a little strange that he should have lived comparatively close to the Caucasus, have travelled in the Caucasus, and written about it, without having tried to learn what other travellers had done; and he shows scant respect for readers when he refers to Mr. Freshfield's narrative without having read it. As has been said, he gives it the wrong title, and he speaks of it as if in 1878 it had only been a short time before the world. The *Central Caucasus and Bashen* was published in 1869. By a casual glance apparently at a work which he would have done well to study carefully, Mr. Phillips-Wolley became acquainted with a passage which partly induced him to go to the Caucasus. This was the rather unfortunate passage in which Mr. Freshfield observed that almost the only game he saw in the Caucasus were two tame bears in a Tscherkess village. Mr. Phillips-Wolley determined to go and see for himself what game there was, and he seems to think that he ought to dispel the erroneous impression which Mr. Freshfield's words of twelve years ago were likely to cause. If he had carried his studies beyond one glance at one book, he would have seen that Mr. Grove, who wrote in 1875, was at some pains to draw attention to the opportunities for sport in the Caucasus, and that he spoke of one great forest region at present visited only by a few hunters from the Upper Balkan, which is probably rich in many kinds of game. To his having read little or nothing about the country he visited is probably due the singular want of enterprise as a traveller of which Mr. Phillips-Wolley's narrative gives evidence. In a sluggish, luxurious, or timid traveller this would not be surprising; but it is surprising in Mr. Phillips-Wolley, who is evidently a man of no common courage and resolution, and nobly indifferent to hardship. Of course his object was sport, and not exploration; but he could easily have combined both, instead of lingering, as he did, on the borders of one of the most interesting countries in the world without making any attempt to penetrate into the interior. Had he taken the trouble to acquire a little more knowledge of it, he probably would have been fired with a traveller's ardour, which he could well have satisfied without in the least neglecting sport, and would have produced a very different record of travel, as he certainly had exceptional opportunities for exploring the great range. Two journeys to it are described in his book, which is at once so pleasing and so deficient. It begins with an account of sport in the Crimea, and near Ekaterinodar, on the Lower Kuban, and the writer then proceeds to tell of a hunting trip to the Caucasus, which he made in 1876. After going to Paman and the town just mentioned, he made his way to Duapse, or Tuapse, on the coast of the Black Sea, having on the journey a rather grave adventure, not, indeed, with the wild beasts he had come to slay, but with a creature about on a par with them. He had for awhile a Russian cavalry officer for companion, and this worthy, having drunk too much of that very filthy liquor vodka, thought fit to behave with insolence to the Englishman. Undeterred by the enormous odds against him, in case the servants should take their master's side, Mr. Phillips-Wolley seized the ruffian, and gave him a correction which would probably be best described by the words Mr. Grantley Berkeley loved so well, though Mr. Phillips-Wolley is content euphemistically to call it a "shaking." The Russian was effectually cowed, and his servants made no attempt to molest the formidable Vice-Consul, who went on his way unharmed.

After a short stay at Duapse he sought sport at various places on the coast, finding a fair amount of game, but certainly not more than might be expected considering how few inhabitants there are. It may not be superfluous to point out that Mr. Phillips-Wolley was on the sea-coast of Circassia properly so called, and that it was from this district, and from Abkhasia, which lies to the south of it, that the great deportation of natives took place. A most interesting journey might probably be made from the sea-coast of Circassia across the chain west of Elbruz to the waters of the Upper Kuban and the Karatchai country. Thence the south might be reached by the Nakhar or the Nakra Pass. Abundance of sport would, in all likelihood, be found *en route*. The idea, however, of attempting exploration for which he was so well qualified never seems to have occurred to Mr. Phillips-Wolley. Unable to see anything in the country except its capacity for producing game, he stayed long at one miserable station after another, enduring with stoical cheerfulness discomfort that could hardly be surpassed. He had an exciting adventure with a bear, and wounded once in the dark an animal which he believed to be a leopard. On the whole, however, the sport, though good, does not seem to have been remarkable; and, well as the author writes, the long story of his stay at shooting stations becomes a little tedious. At the beginning of winter he returned to Duapse, and went thence to Ekaterinodar, and from there home to Kertch, where, however, he stopped a very short time, soon taking steamer for Soukhoun, Kaleh, and Poti. At the first-named of these places he was in easy reach of a district which probably contains magnificent hunting grounds. He might have ascended the valley of the Kodor and struck into the

mighty forest which lies between its waters and those of the Upper Ingur, and then have descended from the Ingur Valley, or gone through Swanethia and made his way to Kutais by the Rion Valley. The latter journey would probably have been dangerous; but to such a man as Mr. Phillips-Wolley this would have been an incitement rather than a drawback. In the forest he would have found large game in abundance; but, adventurous sportsman as he was, the idea of making such a journey never seems to have occurred to him, and he was content to travel tranquilly from Soukhoun to Poti on board the steamer, where he encountered a certain Colonel G., who professed to have killed in this Abkhasian country game of all kinds, including the auroch, or wild bull. Now the auroch is the Madame Benoiton of the Caucasus. It is always being talked of, but is never seen, and the traveller invariably hears that, if he had only taken a different route, he would undoubtedly have found the auroch. Mr. Phillips-Wolley, who, as we have said, is an eminently truthful writer, does not profess ever to have seen aurochs, or to have had any reason for supposing he was near them; but a friend told him of a place where they were to be found, and Colonel G. had seen or shot them south of Elbrouz. If Mr. Phillips-Wolley again goes to hunt in the Caucasus, we trust that he will endeavour to discover the aurochs, and we feel sure that he will find and slay them if anybody can; but we fear that the exasperating beasts will always be in the next valley but one.

From Poti the author took the railway to Kutais and Tiflis, having in the course of two journeys managed to see as little of the really interesting parts of the Western Caucasus as was possible. From Tiflis, of which he gives an excellent description, he started for Lesghia and the Caspian; and, after passing through some dangerous districts, and narrowly escaping assassination in one village, he reached the Lesghian mountains; but, though he was delighted with the honesty and hospitality of the Lesghians, he again showed the same strange indifference as a traveller; and, having got with much pain and trouble to Lesghia, did not apparently see nearly so much of it as he might easily have done, being intent on nothing but shooting. Returning to the post-road, he journeyed through what appears to be a very dull country to Lenkoran, which seems from his account to be a dreary and uninteresting place. Thence he returned to Tiflis, and, after a second stay there, went to Poti bent on visiting again that Black Sea coast to which he was so fervently attached. He regained his old quarters, and had good sport with the wild boars; but the bears left the seaside for the season just at the time when he arrived. He would have done well to have taken the hint which, returning good for evil, these intelligent animals gave him; but, unfortunately, he neglected it, and, staying too long on the coast, was caught by the winter rains, and, owing to the rapid rise of the rivers, had great difficulties in reaching Duapse, where severe illness, due to constant exposure and wetting, attacked him. With a brief account of his sufferings at Duapse, and of his return to Kertch, where he nearly died from diphtheria, his narrative ends.

It is not unlikely to have many readers; for, as we have said, it has merits which place it far above the average of hunters' stories. As a book of travel, it is disappointing; and it is not a little tantalizing to find that a man who can describe so well should have been on the edge of a remarkable and little known country, and should not have cared to penetrate into it. Possibly, however, Mr. Phillips-Wolley will visit the Caucasus again, and in that case we trust that he will not disdain exploration which he will, we believe, find perfectly compatible with the destruction of animal life.

WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES.*

THIS work, according to the description that the author gives of it on the title-page, is a Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way Matters. To show still more strongly how far he has travelled outside of ordinary reading, he takes for a motto Poe's line, "A quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." In his preface he tells us that it has been his aim to "comprise within the compass of a single volume a mass of curious, out-of-the-way information, acquired during years of labour and research from sources not easily accessible to general readers." His book, we fear, will be found more curious than his information; for the hodge-podge that he has made of scraps of knowledge and absurd blunders is not a little diverting. To enjoy it thoroughly it must be read, for no extracts can fully show the strange medley. Mr. Edwards, we will do him the justice to admit, is far more accurate as a copier than many of his rivals. He works to a great extent with the scissors and paste-pot, but for the most part he works carefully. He is not, however, happy in his selections; for he does not know what is pure ignorance and what is lore; neither can he distinguish between the lore of the present day and that which, according to his motto, is forgotten. When he comes to manufacture his own information, then he too often hopelessly breaks down. Perhaps he knows the class for whom he has compiled his book. By "general readers" very likely he means those who scarcely read at all. To such people a work of this character might be of the greatest value. At the modest price of twelve shillings and sixpence—nine and fourpence halfpenny, indeed, if

* Words, Facts, and Phrases: a Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way Matters. By Eliezer Edwards. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

they insist on having the full discount—they can set up for life as the oracles of their family, their tavern, or even of their village. A page or two carefully studied overnight would supply them with facts enough to disturb their friends or their neighbours for at least the next twenty-four hours. After a few weeks of such reading they would leave the parish schoolmaster far behind, and would even press the parson hard. They would become a public nuisance, for no one is a more offensive member of society than he who goes about armed with isolated facts as a mischievous boy is armed with a pocketful of peas. The man of facts, indeed, disturbs all good talk by the constant pelting that he keeps up, even more than the boy disturbs the quiet of a room by rattling his missiles from outside against the window-panes. At the same time, no doubt, what may be to us a terror may elsewhere be a terror mingled with admiration and even envy. How, for instance, would the company assembled in an inn parlour be amazed if the proud possessor of Mr. Edwards's Dictionary could point to an advertisement of Kinahan's whisky hanging on the wall and in an off-hand way inform them why it was called L.L. We remember well how many years ago a dispute arose in a small club of working-men as to the right pronunciation of the word *architect*. Some maintained that we ought to say *arkitekt*, while others held that the first two syllables were sounded like the Scotch name Archie. One of the disputants was the shoeblick in a neighbouring school. He, it was voted, should ask the schoolmaster to act as an umpire, whose decision was to be taken as final. Now, though this particular word is not given by Mr. Edwards, yet there are many others which might well give rise to a question, not only as to their pronunciation, but also as to their meaning and derivation. How proud would the man be who, blessed with the possession of such an oracle of wisdom, could lay down the law as learnedly as the first teacher in the land! Newspapers are widely read, and in newspapers foreign words often are to be found. There might be a revolution in France, and a difference as to the pronunciation of the word *coup-d'état* might lead to a brawl in a tavern.

Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant.

In other words, if the owner of *Words, Facts, and Phrases* arrived, the room would be hushed, the matter laid before him; and, while all pricked up their ears to catch his learned decision, he would give as a decision not to be disputed that they must all say *koo-day-tah*. In almost countless errors would he be able to set them right. *Elizabethan*, it would seem, is commonly pronounced as if it were a word of six syllables. "It is," writes our author, "properly E-liz-a-be-than—not E-liz-a-be-thi-an." In like manner we are taught to say *bo-na fi-de* in four syllables, and not *bond fide* in only three. If, anxious to make a parade of classical lore, we should talk of *otium cum dignitate*—the meaning of which is explained—we must also remember to say *dig-ni-ta-te*. In *alto rilievo*, the word *rilievo* must be pronounced *ree-le-aj-co*. The termination *oid* forms two syllables; thus we must say *an-e-ro-oid*, *rhom-bo-oid*.

As to the meanings of words, many widespread errors are set right. Thus "the word *News*," writes Mr. Edwards, "is commonly believed to be formed of the initial letters of the names of the four cardinal points. If, however, this be the case," he adds, "it is difficult to understand how the synonymous foreign words *nova* and *nouvelles*, which are spelt in a totally different manner, can mean the same thing." *News*, therefore, is not what is blown to us from north, east, west, and south. Neither, we might add, are wens swellings that come from the west, east, north, and south. *Dupe*, we learn, has nothing to do with *duplicity*. We wonder that Mr. Edwards does not think it well to inform us that pig has nothing to do with pigny, or cat with catechism. *Mammoth*, we find, is probably a corruption of Behemoth. "*Abandon* is from the Latin *ab* and *bandum*, a flag; meaning to desert one's colours." On the same page where this explanation is given we find the derivation of *abbot* from the Syriac word *abba*. Why did not our author go once more boldly to Latin to trace *abbot* from *ab* and *bottom*; meaning a monk who rises from the bottom to be the head of a monastery? *Aborigines*, we find, is "the proper name of a peculiar people of Italy, who were not indigenous." We are aware that the common derivation from *ab* and *origo* is disputed; but Mr. Edwards ought to have fortified the one he gives by some greater authority than that of H. J. Pye, the Poet-Laureate. Had it been on a question of poetry we might have accepted his judgment, for we remember how Porson thus celebrated his praises:—

Poetis nos lætatur tribus,
Pye, Petro Pindar, parvo Pybus;
Si ulterius ire pergis,
Adde his Sir James Bland Burges.

Passing on from *Aborigines*, we learn that "*Academy* comes from *Academus*, the name of the owner of the grove near Athens where Plato taught philosophy," while the "*Acropolis* was so called from *Acrops*, the founder." Regent Street, we shall next be told, was so called after Regent, its owner; while all the High Streets are named after one Mr. High who founded them. If any one should maintain that this account of the origin of these words is incorrect, he must be careful not to abbreviate *account* into "a," as many, if we are to believe Mr. Edwards, improperly do. Passing on, we read that "*Adjective* is from the Latin *ad*, to, and *jactus*, from the verb *jacio*, to throw, 'meaning to throw or change the noun into a descriptive word, or adjective.'" The children of the blackest Africans, the same great authority tells us, are born white. It may be some satisfaction to the fair sex to

learn that "the delicacy as to mentioning the age of women is no piece of modern sensitiveness. In the old Testament . . . there is but one woman whose age is recorded." The ancients in this respect would seem to have been far more sensitive than even we moderns; for, however unwilling a woman may still be to mention her own age, we have never noticed any hesitation in any one of them to mention the age of another. Agriculture is ingeniously derived from the Latin *ager*, a field, and *cultura*, cultivation. This curious, quaint, and out-of-the-way matter is given in a paragraph by itself. By the exercise of the same sagacity on the niceties of language, *acerbity*, *apparatus*, *error*, and *peninsula* are severally derived from *acerbus*, bitter; *apparo*, I prepare; *erro*, I wander; and *pene*, almost, and *insula*, an island. After remarking that *Alp* means white, our author adds, "It is singular that the names of nearly all the great mountains of the earth have some reference to their snow-covered summits." The first of the great mountains that he mentions is Snowdon, and the second Snafell, in the Isle of Man. He should have gone on, and added Snow Hill as his third. "*Amour propre* is a French phrase, literally 'proper love.' Applied in English to that proper amount of self-respect or self-esteem which no one else has a right to disregard or intrude upon." *Mon propre fils* would mean, therefore, we suppose, a son who behaves properly. *Strut*, we are told, comes from *strouthos*, an ostrich, because we strut like that bird; but *apoplexy* does not mean *Apollo-struck*. The derivation of *arable* would seem to be involved in doubt. "Bailey," writes Mr. Edwards, "has 'to are (a contraction of *arare*, Latin), to plough.' Arable land, according to this definition, is *ploughable* land." To show the distance to which the old English bow could carry, a reference is given to a speech of Falstaff's in "2nd Henry VIII. 111." (*sic*).

We again return to our definitions, and find that *asparagus* is said to be derived from the Latin *a* intensive and *sparasso* to tear, and *pansy* from *panacea*. Coming to matters of history, we learn that "the Tower of London was established by William I." Here, however, Mr. Edwards deserves our gratitude. He shows, at all events, some moderation. He says that it was established; he might have said "inaugurated." For this the *Times* would have supplied him with instances enough. He might have assigned its foundation to Julius Cæsar; he is content to go no further back than the Conqueror. Retracing our steps, we see that Goliath—as indeed his size deserved—has a whole paragraph to himself. His height was about eleven feet three inches, if, that is to say, we can trust a certain Mr. Greaves, who is quoted on this matter. A little before Goliath we find Garrick, who, we are told, "seems to have been originally a wine merchant." "Seems," Mr. Eliezer Edwards! Nay, he was. We know not "seems." Has not Garrick's Life been written? Does not Murphy tell us that "the famous Samuel Foote used to say, 'He remembered Garrick living in Durham Yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant'?" Under the title "Macaulay's History of England" we read, "It is not generally known that there have been two distinct persons named Macaulay, who have each written a History of England." *Person*, by the way, in a paragraph all to itself, is defined by our author as any "distinct sentient being." If, then, in the passage we have just quoted, we substitute for persons this definition of it, the sentence will run, "It is not generally known that there have been two distinct sentient beings," &c. We hope, however, that the ignorance of mankind as to the two Macaulays is not quite so general as our author imagines. The great female Republican can scarcely be forgotten of whom Johnson, as a test of her levelling doctrine, asked one day, when dining at her house, that she would allow that very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, her footman, to sit down at table with them. With one more quotation we must bring our notice to an end. The following is the curious explanation that Mr. Edwards gives of *Déjeuner à la fourchette*. "French; literally 'a breakfast with a fork.' Applied in England to morning or mid-day meals of light character."

THE COMET OF A SEASON.*

IT is, we fear, possible that readers of Mr. McCarthy's former works of fiction may be disappointed in *The Comet of a Season*, in the pages of which there is, comparatively speaking, but little of the freshness of observation, lightness of touch, and pleasantness of humour which we have become accustomed to in Mr. McCarthy's novels. The author has perhaps been unlucky in his subject, or has been inclined to take it too seriously, and has not mended matters by his occasional attempts to counterbalance this tendency. Anyhow the result is that he never seems to have completely made up his mind as to what kind of person his principal character really is, and, to say the truth, this character and his doings after a while become decidedly tedious. We have never before found Mr. McCarthy tedious; but unluckily in this case, as it is with the principal character, so it is with the subordinate personages and with the underplots, in which it is difficult to feel any interest. Mr. McCarthy has been wont to excel in the drawing of girls' characters, and in his present work he has given us one charming picture in Geraldine Rowan. But in Melissa Aquitaine the writer has produced a character which is neither agreeable nor probable,

* *The Comet of a Season*. By Justin McCarthy, Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Dear Lady Disdain," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

and it must be confessed that Sydney Marion is a remarkably dull young woman.

The Comet of a Season opens so as to give a fair hope that the book will be well up to the standard of Mr. McCarthy's former work—a hope which, as we have said, is not afterwards fulfilled. The author begins by observing that he objects to the mysterious in fiction, and then proceeds to introduce us to a young married couple who are sitting together in a small public park just outside one of the great Northern towns of England. This young woman, we are told, was pretty, and was obviously a lady. The young man was strikingly handsome; but, in spite of a well-dressed and graceful appearance, "he still had something of what we cannot perhaps describe better than as the 'glorified artisan' air. The powers of witchcraft would not have been needed to enable any one with his wits about him to reach the quick conclusion that the young wife had somewhat descended from her social position to get to the young lover, and that she adored him all the more." He in fact is the son of a livery-stable keeper, and is now a clerk in the office of Aquitaine and Company; she is the daughter of a barrister, and the two fall in love over riding-lessons. The young man unluckily had got it into his head that "he was a man of genius, and a master-spirit. He had as yet done nothing. He had not even written poems or essays or begun a tragedy. He had not made speeches. He was curiously ignorant on most subjects. His reading had been only a few biographies of men who had risen from lowliness to greatness, some metaphysical books of a cheap and easy kind, the *Count of Monte Christo*, and a *Life of Mahomet*." It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. McCarthy should have passed the misspelling of Monte Cristo just quoted. In subsequent passages of the book the name is given correctly. The theme of his conversation with his young wife is himself and his desire to make a name. "'I want to be known as one who did great things for his fellow-man and the world, and I shall be known in that way some day. I don't want merely to explode—oh no, I want to blaze.' 'Wasn't there,' she said, 'one who blazed, the comet of a season?' 'I don't know; I haven't read much poetry. But I should rather be the comet of the season than not blaze at all.'" This introductory chapter ends with the death of the young wife, and the disappearance—no one knows in what direction—of the young man, whose name as yet we have not been told.

In the next chapter, fifteen or sixteen years are supposed, as the old novelists had it, to have rolled away; and in the description of the changed aspect of the Northern town in which we have seen the young couple we have one of the too infrequent passages in which the author has done himself justice. The place where the little public park used to stand has now become "the site of one of the favourite nests of the local aristocracy—the men who had made fortunes in shipping and on 'Change, and in all manner of commercial adventures and enterprises." They built themselves houses with conservatories below and observatories above. When the Queen Anne mania set in, they had houses of red brick "more intensely Queen-Anneish than anything of Queen Anne's day could possibly have been."

Little windows started out like Jacks-in-the-box exactly where they might least have been expected, with bars across them where there was not the slightest necessity for such precaution. Glass was specially manufactured of a thick greenish dinginess, and with bull's-eyes elaborately wrought in, so that the known imperfections of the glass-making craft in the Augustan age of English letters should add to the reality of the careful imitation. It was said by the friends of one of the enthusiasts in the cause of this architectural revival that he had little mechanical spiders ingeniously constructed to run up and down some of his window-panes, in order to give to his mansion the greater air of eighteenth-century realism, by suggesting the domestic untidiness of the days of Dean Swift.

One house among these is remarkable for the good taste with which it is designed, and this is the house of Mr. Aquitaine, head of the firm of Aquitaine and Company, who, it may be remembered, were the employers of the young man who disappeared after his wife's death. Staying in his house is his daughter Melissa's friend, Sydney Marion, who is expecting the return from America of her father, Captain Marion. There come with him as fellow-passengers his other daughter, Mrs. Trescoe, her husband, Miss Geraldine Rowan, the daughter of an old friend, and a mysterious stranger, named Montana, who, according to Mr. Aquitaine, is "a very remarkable man. They were talking a good deal about him when I was last in the States, but I never happened to see him. . . . I have never heard how he began; but he was a soldier in the war—the great civil war, you know; and he left what they call a good record there, and now he is a lecturer, or preacher, or something of the kind, and the head of a great new school, and has what people call a mission of some sort. I have no doubt he is coming to Europe on some mission." Montana, who is, of course, identical with the son of the livery-stable keeper, arrives and makes his impression on the assembled guests. Miss Rowan, who is, to our thinking, by far the best-drawn character in the book, has always distrusted him, and continues to do so till the end. Mrs. Trescoe adores him as a prophet of good; some of the others cannot make him out; and Melissa falls violently in love with him. He goes up to London; creates a sensation by issuing invitation cards in a peculiar fashion to all kinds of people for a discourse, to be given in one of the large halls; and succeeds in getting the thing so much talked about that, even before he appears, he has become the fashion. His speech—which treats of

the founding of a mysteriously grand and beautiful colony in America—is, in its way, a complete success:—

Montana spoke with deep feeling apparently, and with a kind of eloquence. He sometimes warmed into a glowing thought, sometimes even condescended to some quaint piece of humorous illustration. He held his audience from first to last. The whole discourse was entirely out of the common. It had nothing to do with the ordinary gabble of the platform. It had no conventional eloquence about it. There was no studied antithesis: the listener could not anticipate in the middle of a sentence the stock form of rhetoric with which it was to close. The wonderful eyes seemed to be everywhere. If by chance any of the audience became for a moment inattentive, he or she suddenly seemed to feel an uncomfortable sensation, and looking up found that Montana's eyes were fixed on the disloyal listener. A curious thing was that almost everyone in the room seemed to feel the direct appeal of Montana's eyes.

This is the beginning of the blaze of "the comet of a season"; in the subsequent history of which we are made perhaps needlessly acquainted with various meannesses, displayed by people who ought to know better, in the attempt to get Montana to their houses. One character among the people who run after him—a certain Lady Vanessa Barnes—seems intended to produce a striking effect on the reader; but it cannot be said that the author has here made much of a success. In his introductory description of Lady Vanessa, Mr. McCarthy's tact seems to have deserted him. "She had," he writes, "so much courage that she could always make the fullest use of any gift she possessed, and she had the audacious purity of a savage girl. She once played the part of a saucy page at some private theatricals in her own house, and when the play was over she mingled with the company for the rest of the evening in her page's dress, making fearless and full display of her beautiful legs." The incident of Lady Vanessa's securing Montana's appearance at an evening party, which follows hard upon this unpleasant description, is obviously intended to be amusing, but seems both tedious and disagreeable. Equally disagreeable, in another way, is the scene of the livery-stable keeper's death, at which his son, Montana, is present. Matters are complicated by the father's having adopted, after his son's disappearance, a young man named Clement Hope, who has some personal resemblance to Montana, and who becomes one of Montana's ardent disciples. Clement Hope is also in love with Melissa Aquitaine, who is in love with Montana, who is in love with Geraldine Rowan. But even out of this situation Mr. McCarthy fails to get any interest. In fact we must end, as we began, by recording a sense of general disappointment with Mr. McCarthy's latest work. We can only hope that those who care to follow further the fortunes of Montana may get more entertainment out of them than we have done.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE Christmas books of each season succeed and resemble each other as much as the winter berries in the hedges and the Christmas roses of December. These latter blossoms, with many other flowers of every month, decorate the pretty *Birthday Book* of Princess Beatrice (Smith and Elder). This is the earliest, and is sure to be one of the most popular, of the larger and more sumptuous gift-books of the season. The ordinary birthday book tries to give an appropriate quotation for every day of the year, and naturally fails in an impossible task. There are only a few remarkable days in the modern year—those marked by great events, or popular superstitions or customs, or the fixed fasts and festivals of the Church. For all other days the mottoes must be chosen at random. The Princess Beatrice has, therefore, chosen no mottoes at all, but gives each day in the month a fair broad page with a decorative border. There is room and verge enough for people who write their signatures to add appropriate verses of their own, if Apollo has touched their lips with the sacred fire, and if the bees of the Muses have hummed above their heads in infancy. In short, the *Birthday Book* may answer the purposes of the ancient album dear to our grandmothers. For every month the pencil of the Princess has designed a garland of flowers and grasses; snowdrops for January; poppies, daisies, and blue corn-flowers for August; red berries for October; "wild roses and ivy serpentine" and honeysuckles for June; chrysanthemums for November; holly and mistletoe and Christmas roses for December. The drawing and colouring are correct and graceful, and are well reproduced by chromolithography. The cloth covers are stamped with a very pretty design, and the book is certain to secure a wide popularity.

Mr. Vereker Hamilton and Mr. Stewart Faxon have combined—we do not quite know in what proportions—to produce *Scenes in Ceylon* (Chapman and Hall). This volume of sketches and verses is certain to be the book of the season in distant Colombo, and we can heartily recommend it to English sportsmen who want a lively record of life in Ceylon. The collaborators begin at the beginning, and show us the new comer to Ceylon being paddled through the surf in outriggers by almost naked natives. The way in which Mr. Hamilton has drawn the plunge of the frail canoe is almost too realistic to be quite comfortable. The pencils of both partners have combined, as we guess from the monograms in the corners of the sketch, to delineate Galle Face, "Colombo's Park or Prater." The perspective here, as in all Mr. Hamilton's sketches, is excellent; the figures in the foreground will no doubt be recognized in Colombo. "The New Clearing" shows the planter what he has to expect. The fire has cleared out his lot—a delicate operation,

for if rain falls while the fire is busy the land becomes worthless—and the planter, from his shady hut, surveys the work of black women labourers. "The Shuck Estate" shows the same girls at work; it is a drawing in the style of a Cingalese or Tamil Millet. "A Hunting Morning" is a sketch of an interior in the country, a very careful drawing of the rude arrangements of a hut in which three sportsmen are breakfasting or lounging. Then follow pictures of the chace, till the stag stands at bay in what, but for the rich tropical plants, one might take for a Highland burn. The boulders and branches and foliage are drawn with very praiseworthy care and success; in fact, we have rarely seen the light and shade of deep woods better reproduced. The same praise may be given to the rocky hill-side from which the coolies are returning, their labours over for the day. There are other sketches of civilized and savage dances; of the Tamby or itinerant pedlar, in the drawing-room of a prosperous planter; but perhaps the best drawing in the volume is that of the distant palm-tree trunks on the fringe of the polo-ground. There is also a splendid elephant, within range of the stalker, and a ferocious "rogue" charging through a jungle of reeds. In short, this is one of the very best books of the kind we have ever seen; and the verses, if not very polished, are full of life and movement.

There are plenty of adventures in *Who Did It?* (Rev. H. C. Adams. Griffith and Farran). We do not know whether there are any schools at all like that which is described here, and rather hope, on the whole, that such seminaries are rare. But many lads will read the book with all the more pleasure because the adventures rather resemble the dreams than the reality of schoolboy existence.

Hood's Comic Annual (Fun Office) is not a particularly mirthful publication, but some of the woodcuts are amusing.

The Magazine of Art (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) contains an immense quantity of miscellaneous literature, and is enriched with woodcuts of various degrees of merit. Some are *chichés*, usually representing large pictures; others have fresher merit. The Galleries of the year are criticized, and, though the criticisms may have had some temporary interest, yet this part of the contents of the magazine is rather out of place in a volume. The articles illustrated are not always those that best deserve illustration; and we especially miss illustrations, just where they are most needed, in the essay on the Roman Villa at Brading.

The designs in *Old Proverbs with New Pictures* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) are very graceful and clever, and the artist has a wide range of subjects. They are not at all imitative, but stand on their own merits. The rhymes, by Mr. Mateaux, are scarcely worthy of their settings.

Comic Insects (Warne and Co.) are drawings by Mr. Berry F. Berry, and are rather ingenious than humorous.

The drawings in *Sugar and Spice* (Strahan and Co.) are marked by a pleasant understanding of the ways of children, and will please old and young people.

A Leal Light Heart (Annette Lyster. S.P.C.K.)—It is pleasant year by year to welcome back old friends, and to find, as in most cases we do find, that they have lost none of their attractions. Miss Lyster is one of these. Her stories are interesting in themselves, and told in simple, careful language which is agreeable to read. *A Leal Light Heart* is the story of two cousins, bound by the terms of their parents' wills not to marry without the consent of their guardian till they have attained the age of full discretion. This guardian, a strong-willed widow lady, with a reputation for match-making, has given her consent, prior to the opening of the story, to the engagement of her wards with two penniless young men; but, when the girls become heiresses, withdraws her permission, and takes them to live with her. The heroine, Emily, is one of the pleasantest girls we have met with for a long time; resolute, but neither forward nor given to preaching, lively, and true. She ends by getting her own way, and marrying the blind curate of her choice. Her companion, Gwenevere, who always bore the impress of the last person she was with, is easily persuaded to relinquish her lover, and to make a *mariage de convenance* with a cousin. She is afterwards punished for her perfidy by becoming the mother of one of the most horrid little children in fiction or out of it.

We Four (Mrs. Reginald Bray. Illustrated by Miss W. Erichsen. Griffith and Farran).—It is by no means an easy task to write a history of the doings of four naughty children, so that the children who read about them shall neither feel priggishly superior to them nor yet anxious to imitate their tricks; therefore it is not wonderful that Mrs. Bray's tale is not wholly a success. Anything ruder or more disagreeable than the girl who relates the adventures could not well be imagined, and it certainly needed some one very different from her weak father to keep her in check. We have seen for ourselves what children can become who are on principle never punished, and the experience was not a pleasant one. Mrs. Bray has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that, because she has made the lives of children the subject of her story, it must therefore be suitable reading for all those of the same age. This is not, however, the case. Any book calculated to develop self-consciousness and precocity is harmful, and it surely is very undesirable to open little minds to the amount of toadyism and humbug afloat in the world. The illustrations, too, are poor.

Out on the Pampas (G. A. Henty. Griffith and Farran).—The adventures of the English family who go out to settle in the Pampas are very excitingly told. We have a great deal about Indian raids, in which, it is needless to say, the Indians are always

ignominiously worsted; and we have also the inevitable capture and rescue of a white girl. It seems a pity that such extraordinarily gifted beings, who had besides the talent of success, should have deprived English society of their presence for six whole years; but, on the other hand, if it is possible to make a fortune and retire to the mother-country within so short a time, why do we not all go out to the Pampas? Perhaps we have not all the necessary gifts. The book has given us much amusement, and it would be pedantic to cavil at a play on account of its improbability. The illustrations are neither better nor worse than usual.

Missy and Master (M. Bramston. S.P.C.K.) were, when we first make their acquaintance, a little circus girl known as the Infant Wonder, and her performing pony; but they ultimately part company, the one to become a pony in high life, the other to become an inmate of an industrial school, where she was about as welcome as an eagle in a dove's nest. She led her teachers a terrible life, instilling into the minds of the pupils a mysterious contempt for domestic service, which was finally traced to a lurking wish to dance in the pantomimes, as Missy aspired to do in the future. This bad little girl only looked on baptism (which ceremony had in her case been omitted) as a means of obtaining the names of "Ida Evelina Violet," after which her soul hankered. Her numerous pranks bore disastrous fruit one day, when she had been jumping from the banisters downstairs, and was emulated by one of her companions, who breaks her arm in her fall. Missy is scolded by her governess, and forms a resolution to behave better. By way of carrying this out, she addresses the maimed damsel thus:—"Sarah, you're a fool! Sarah, who did not particularly enjoy this mode of address, turned her head away. 'Yes, you are. What business have you got to go and try to do what I can? I told you you couldn't. I've been brought up to do it all my life, but you haven't, and you've no business to try to do such things. And I tell you what. I won't have none of you trying to do the things what I do, if I can help it. So don't let me hear of none of you going and playing them pranks again. There ain't no reason why you should go and get yourselves into trouble because I chose to practise against the time I dance in a pantomime.'" As will be seen from this extract, the conversation is most original and amusing. We wish we could give the illustrations equally high praise. As it is, we feel bound to say they are feeble productions, both as examples of art and also as being pictures of anything contained in the story. Who, for instance, would ever guess that the fashionable young lady with long, flowing hair and kilted skirts (p. 122) is a child at an industrial school? It would be well if, before illustrating a book, the artist would sometimes read the story, as such illustrations as these, far from adding to the attractions of the tale, absolutely detract from its merit.

The Three Frights, &c. (Sarah Tytler. Marshall and Co.)—Miss Tytler cannot be altogether congratulated on her new book. We have an uncomfortable feeling that it is all moral, which is not a propitious frame of mind in which to read a story. The first tale is the best of the three. The second, about the nieces of Horace Walpole, who were so unfortunate in their matrimonial schemes, is an absolute failure. It is impossible to imagine high-born ladies of 1780 exclaiming, "It is too horrid." Still less was a gentleman of that date likely to remark, when speaking of the Princess Dashkof's probable guilt, "I daresay Paul died in his bed a natural death, or at least that this woman had no hand in his assassination"; for the Emperor Paul did not die, naturally or otherwise, for twenty-one years after the Gordon riots, and the person in whose murder the Princess Dashkof was implicated was his father, Peter III.

"L. C.'s" stories and T. Pym's drawings in *Children Busy, Children Glad, Children Naughty, Children Sad* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.), make one of the prettiest and most attractive Christmas books we have seen for a long time. The stories are, indeed, of a far higher order than is generally looked for in books of the kind. They have a fine touch both in humour and in pathos which recalls, while it in no way suggests an imitation of, Hans Andersen. To make an extract from any of the stories would hardly be fair to the author. We may, however, quote one of the few sets of verses which the little volume contains:—

Swing, swing, swing,
Through the drowsy afternoon;
Swing, swing, swing,
Up I go to meet the moon.
Swing, swing, swing,
I can see as I go high
Far along the crimson sky;
I can see as I come down
The tops of houses in the town.
High and low,
Fast and slow,
Swing, swing, swing.
Swing, swing, swing,
See! the sun is gone away;
Swing, swing, swing,
Gone to find a bright new day.
Swing, swing, swing,
I can see as up I go
The poplars waving to and fro;
I can see as I come down
The lights are twinkling in the town,
High and low,
Fast and slow,
Swing, swing, swing.

The pictures, which are in the school of Miss Kate Greenaway, are prettily coloured. There are certain faults in the drawing, but these may perhaps be set right in future. T. Pym would do well especially to study the conformation of the human chin. There is so much "go" in the compositions that it would be well worth while for the artist to attempt to do yet better.

In *Under the Sunset* (Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Bram Stoker has produced a book which may please grown-up children as well as the smaller readers to whom it is specially addressed. The writer has a graceful fancy, the forms of which he expresses in excellent English, an accomplishment by no means too commonly met in children's or, indeed, in other books. *Under the Sunset* is well illustrated by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Cockburn, who have caught and expressed the author's delicate fancies with keen perception.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE are glad to observe that such a book as the *Republic of Republics* (1) has reached a fourth edition in America. The fact indicates that, among those who have both the leisure and the inclination to make a thorough study of constitutional principles—and the leisure and inclination are less commonly combined in America than elsewhere—there is at least a large number desirous to learn all that can be said upon the unpopular side of the controversy which is commonly supposed to have been finally decided. If that decision is final and extends as far as the dominant party would carry it, there can be little doubt in the minds of any who have really mastered the Federal Constitution that the victory of the North was a revolution—changed completely the character of the Union. The first principle, the fundamental idea, of the Constitution as framed by the Convention of 1788, was the sovereignty of the States. At that time no one questioned that sovereignty. England, it cannot be too often repeated, never recognized the Union. She recognized by the treaty of peace thirteen united States, each by name. The revolutionary war was waged to turn the colonies, not into an independent Republic, but into independent and sovereign States. Their sovereignty was under the Articles of Confederation so absolutely unfettered, Congress was so absolutely powerless, that there seemed no little danger lest the Confederation should become a nullity. To prevent this, a Convention, authorized by the States in their sovereign capacity, but possessing no sort of authority over them, prepared a new Constitution. That that Constitution was accepted, not by the people of the united States, but by the several peoples of each State in their individual capacity, no one who knows the facts can well deny. The first and great secession was the secession, one by one, of nine States from the original Confederation, and their entry into the Union formed under the new Constitution. Each of these sovereign States came in separately; the concurrence of nine was required to put the Union in force. The other four came in when and as they pleased, and some among them remained independent, not united with their former confederates by any bond whatever, for months, and, if we remember rightly, in one case for more than a year. It is commonly forgotten on both sides of the Atlantic that the Convention discussed and denied the right of coercing a State; that Mr. Lincoln, eighty years later, tacitly confessed that such coercion was unconstitutional—i.e. criminal—by the evasions under which he disguised what was simply aggressive war. That in the frenzy of hate which followed his death, in the elation of victory, his Ministry did not dare to bring any Confederate leader to trial for high treason is another of the forgotten facts of the case. We now learn for the first time that the question was discussed by the first lawyers of the victorious party, and that, after some months of careful study, they came to the conclusion that no Court could possibly convict even the President of the Confederate States of treason against the Union. That is, it was admitted by counsel engaged to get up a case for the prosecution, all of them violent politicians as well as lawyers, that secession was not treason—that is, that the States were sovereign. And it follows that the traitors were those who in West Virginia and in Eastern Tennessee bore arms against the State to which their allegiance was due. Whether Congress be or be not the supreme Legislature of the Union; whether the President be or be not empowered to interfere by force, uninvited, in the internal affairs of a State, are still questions of vital moment—questions on which the character and fate of the Union may depend. We believe no American lawyer would dream of suggesting that Congress is competent to enact a national law of divorce, for example, gravely as such a law is needed, or to alter the penalties of theft, arson, or murder anywhere save in the territories or the district of Columbia. All these and many other equally interesting and vital considerations are set forth at great length in the work before us. It is, however, too much of a party pamphlet, and too little of a constitutional treatise—a defect due probably to the circumstances in which it originated. The first edition was published as a protest against the proposed trial of Jefferson Davis. The author has thought it desirable to exclude from the mass of evidence which he collects the opinions and statements of all the great historical representatives of States' rights doctrine as that of partisans

whose dicta will not be accepted by opponents. Unfortunately for this principle of selection, many of these men were notoriously the spokesmen not of a party, not even of a single State, but of many sovereign and independent communities. What Jefferson and Henry thought, what they held to be the vices of the Constitution and what its safeguards, is matter whose exclusion leaves any treatise on the subject imperfect. What they and others in their position said explains on what understanding and with what reserves the sovereign States of Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas entered the Union. As Virginia expressly reserved the right to secede, it would be difficult for any reasonable man to deny that the invasion of Virginia by Mr. Lincoln's Government was a distinct breach of treaty, unprovoked by any previous breach on the Virginian side. But the importance of that official reservation, great as it is, is not a little enhanced by a careful study of the views of Virginian statesmen at the time. Calhoun was, no doubt, an extreme partisan; but on Constitutional questions Calhoun spoke the mind of the South. No higher authority could well be cited to show in what sense the treaty forming the Constitution of the Union was accepted at that time by the fifteen States south of Mason and Dixon's line. The work before us, then, is not that important desideratum, a complete statement of the Constitutional case in favour of State rights, but it is a most valuable contribution to the comprehension of that case, and, taken together with a work like the masterly treatise of Vice-President Stephens, may serve to show the outlines and most of the details of the argument. How overwhelmingly strong it is, even after recognizing that the prosecution of Mr. Davis was abandoned as legally hopeless, the vast majority of Englishmen, and not a few Americans, will be surprised to learn. Indeed, the Federal Government, even in the hands of violent Republicans, has shown a certain curious consciousness of its strength. It trampled on every Constitutional right of the Southern States, but it has not ventured even to enforce unquestionable Federal obligations on the recalcitrant State of California; and that State may, we believe, do anything but formally secede from the Union without provoking forcible intervention from the Federal Government.

Mr. Mackenzie's *History* (2) is a party pamphlet in another and much worse sense. On the two great incidents of American history—the War of the Revolution and the War of Secession—there is, we fear, very little hope that Americans or Englishmen of the rising generation will be correctly informed. The current histories, and especially the school and college histories, are something worse than careless or one-sided in their account of every critical fact in either of these the two signal events in the annals of the Union. A boy who takes his notion of either from a writer like Mr. Mackenzie—and Mr. Mackenzie is hardly a worse offender than the majority of his competitors—had better perhaps have remained entirely ignorant of the subject. One vital fact in the long interval of peace Mr. Mackenzie could not altogether distort, and he has stated it with a vivid sense of its importance which gives unusual force and clearness to the impression made upon his readers. The invention of the cotton-gin was the most important incident in the history of slavery. Its moral bearings Mr. Mackenzie systematically misrepresents. He has not the fairness to own that the abolition of slavery in the North rested on no moral considerations whatever; that its retention in the South because it paid stands exactly on a par with the sale to the South of the Northern negroes, because in the North their labour was not remunerative. That in 1790 no considerable class or party in the Union thought slavery immoral the Constitution unanswerably testifies. To accuse the Southerners of having changed their opinion on the subject because slavery became profitable is quite unwarranted. The change of opinion took place in the North, not in the South; and, as few who have studied the facts can doubt, it would have been very slow, very partial, and would have left slavery still prevailing throughout the Union at this hour but for the coincidence of Northern interests with sectional prejudice and passion. How far the falsification of American history has been carried, how little the studies of later life avail to correct the worse than ignorance implanted at school, has recently received a signal illustration. When we find a writer like Mr. Goldwin Smith repeating and emphasizing the absurd fiction which represents the New England Puritans as champions of religious liberty, we may understand how utterly distorted are the ideas current among ordinary men of education on both sides of the Atlantic respecting the principal facts of American history.

We think it would be difficult to over-estimate the value in its own special field, and as a mere contribution to the literature of an exceedingly interesting subject, of Messrs. Shaler and Davis's *Glaciers* (3). The leading facts with which this monograph deals may be found clearly, though much more briefly, set forth in more than one popular work; in none perhaps better and more clearly than in Mr. Wallace's most recent treatise on the *Distribution of Life*. The glaciers of the Alps, of Greenland, and of a few less well-known mountainous tracts, are the relics or the miniature reproduction of an age of glaciation, an age when ice covered, as is now generally held, the whole of Northern and Central

(2) *America: a History*. By Robert Mackenzie. London: Nelson & Sons. 1882.

(3) *Illustrations of the Earth's Surface—Glaciers*. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Paleontology, and W. M. Davis, Instructor in Geology in Harvard University. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(1) *The Republic of Republics; or, American Federal Liberty*. By P. C. Centy, Barrister. Fourth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1881.

Europe that was not under water, and, according to the authors of this volume, the whole of North America down to the Ohio and the Missouri. How greatly the present form of the earth's surface has been affected by that glacial period, how very large a share ice has had in the formation of lakes, valleys, river courses, harbours, in the shaping of coast lines and mountain ranges, only a careful study of works like that before us can fully inform the reader; but we believe that no one of the powers by which the present form of the world has been shaped is so imperfectly appreciated by all but careful students of geology. The action of the sea is probably exaggerated by current opinion. Those who think they understand the subject at all generally overrate also the work of rivers and rainfall, ascribing to them much that was actually accomplished in a shorter period by the far more powerful agency of moving ice. Upon no subject has geological knowledge extended more widely and more rapidly of late than upon the evidences of glacial action over an enormous extent of the earth's surface. These evidences are recorded in the most striking manner by the numerous photographic plates at the end of this volume—to illustrate and explain which, indeed, was the original purpose of the text, greatly as its scope has been extended in the course of execution. A few of them, from the inevitable defects of photography, fail to convey any distinct picture even to a careful observer. But most of them are eminently successful and effective. The plates are beautiful enough to ornament a drawing-room table; combined with the text, they form a monograph invaluable to any scientific library.

Mr. Howe has given to his elaborate, tedious, and needlessly technical work on the monetary systems of the present age perhaps the most inaccurate title he could have chosen (4). The simple, obvious common sense of the matter is just that which Mr. Howe not only misses, but actually denies. That metallic money derives its sole, or almost its sole, value from the mercantile worth of the metal whereof it is formed; that this is the vital essential distinction between token money like our shillings, which derive their value from the legal rate of exchange, and silver francs or dollars, which are worth exactly the quantity of silver they contain; that gold is a commodity exactly like any other, and the value of a sovereign exactly that of the gold it contains plus the cost of mintage—these are the truths that lie at the root of the whole science of currency. A man who misses these can have nothing to say which is worth the attention either of practical or of scientific economists; and as Mr. Howe begins by ignoring or denying these essential truths, the rest of his work is hardly worth the labour of perusal—a labour greatly and wantonly enhanced by the exceedingly tedious phraseology which, in expounding what he calls the “mathematics of money,” it has pleased the author to employ. In truth, as is the case with most crotcheteers on this subject, he seems to have begun by bewildering himself, and will no doubt succeed in bewildering a certain number of readers.

Mr. Appleton's series of volumes on Building a Home, on laying out Home Grounds, on the Home Garden, and on Household Management (5), are pleasant as well as practical reading, but their practical value is from the necessity of the case almost confined to America. The conditions of building, the value of land and domestic arrangements, are so different in England and America that from a practical treatise intended for the guidance of readers of the one country those of the other can at most only pick up a few useful hints. The *Amenities of Home* is a work of a somewhat different, a much more generally valuable and yet hardly less practical, character. Simple, unaffected, and unpretentious, it contains, we think, more sound practical sense upon a subject interesting to all, and yet on which few can write what is worth reading, than any book of good advice we have lately seen.

The *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science* (6), like those of its elder sister on this side of the Atlantic, are hardly literature in the proper sense of the word. They are, however, of such general interest that we can hardly pass over without mention the two solid volumes which record the proceedings of the twenty-ninth meeting, held at Boston in August 1880.

To Mr. Merriman's treatise on the Figure of the Earth (7) the same remark applies. It is purely mathematical and technical, but contains some observations on ancient geometry and geodesy from the mathematical point of view which possess a more general interest.

Mr. Elder's Memoir of Henry C. Carey (8) has at least the merit claimed for it. It is, what very few American memoirs are, a “brief biography.” Mr. Carey, as our elder readers at least will remember, was perhaps the most distinguished, certainly the most popular, economist of the United States. He owed his popularity, however, less to his intellectual powers and mastery of his subject,

both of which undoubtedly entitled him to attention, than to the singularly perverse use he made of them. No other writer on economic science of anything like equal ability and knowledge has devoted his powers, not to correct, but to justify, the economic follies of his countrymen, to contradict all the first principles of practical economics as understood by every leading European authority with scarcely an exception. The Fair-traders of to-day might find a store of plausible Protectionist arguments, such as they have shown no ability to devise for themselves, in his well-known treatises.

On natural history we have some volumes of more than usual interest. Dr. Henshall devotes a solid octavo volume of 450 pages to the Black Bass (9)—the American perch, it might perhaps be called—to its haunts, habits, structure, and place among fishes, and to the means of capturing it according to rule. The work is half scientific, half sporting, and in both branches the author seems equally interesting and equally master of his theme. Mr. Hervey's work on Sea Mosses (10) has fewer attractions for the general reader; but to the collector or botanical student, for whom it is apparently intended, both the text and the excellent coloured drawings which illustrate it will doubtless be attractive. The one grave defect in Mr. Scudder's monograph on American Butterflies (11) is the absence of colour in the illustrations, which, being mere engravings, can show only the form and shading of these beautiful insects, and therefore fail to give any true idea of their especial glories to those who have not observed them or their like. *New England Bird Life* (12) has avowedly a limited and purely local scope, and even so, it is imperfect as yet, dealing only with the class of Oscines.

Mr. Bailey's *Book of Ensilage* (13) deserves a mention, though its value is purely technical and professional. It sets forth at length a method of preserving green corn, largely used for the feeding of cattle in America, and other fodder in a fresh state, without the fermentation or putrefaction from which in the ordinary methods it is impossible to preserve even imperfectly dried grasses. By feeding cattle on fodder that retains all its juices fresh and sweet as when first cut, the quantity of milk obtained from a given amount of food is, of course, largely increased. The subject may be well worth the attention of our dairy farmers. Dr. Thurber publishes another similar pamphlet on the same subject (14).

Dr. Wheeler's *Foreigner in China* (15) contains a good deal of useful information respecting the recent relations of the United States and of England with the Celestial Empire, known, no doubt, to those who happen to remember the newspapers of the time, but forgotten by a much larger number. But the writer's heart is in another part of his work, the description of missionary efforts and of the obstacles they have met; and on this subject he has much that is new and interesting to say.

That any one should think it worth while to write and publish a minute and elaborate account of the dramatic career of Mr. Edwin Forrest (16) may seem, to those for whom the interest of the theatre is purely ephemeral, somewhat surprising. It would appear, however, that Americans have either an unusual amount of leisure to bestow on the biography of public characters, in whatever career their notoriety has been acquired, or a very special preference for this kind of literature. The multitude of biographies of men far less generally known than Mr. Forrest, and of scarcely more public importance, is one of the most inexplicable phenomena of Transatlantic literature.

Boston Town (17) is a popular kind of history of the oldest, and perhaps in many respects still the first, of Anglo-American cities, given in the form of familiar conversations between a grandfather, who personally remembers great part of the facts he relates, and grandchildren who do not seem to find either himself or his information tedious; a fact less surprising, perhaps, in this case than in most books in which the same form has been adopted.

We have several volumes of verse, whereof Mr. Bayard Taylor's *Home Ballads* (18) alone perhaps deserve the name of poetry. The worst of all is a versified biography of President

(9) *Book of the Black Bass*; comprising its complete Scientific and Life History. Illustrated. By J. A. Henshall, M.D. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *Sea Mosses: a Collector's Guide and an Introduction to the Study of Marine Alga.* By A. B. Hervey, A.M. Boston: S. E. Cassino. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Butterflies; their Structure, Changes, and Life Histories, with special reference to American Forms.* Illustrated. By Samuel H. Scudder. New York: Holt & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(12) *New England Bird Life.* Revised and Edited from the MS. of Winfred A. Stearns, by Dr. E. Coues, U.S.A. Part I. Oscines. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(13) *The Book of Ensilage; or, the New Dispensation for Farmers.* By J. M. Bailey. Farmer's Edition. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *Silos and Ensilage.* By Dr. G. Thurber. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *The Foreigner in China.* By L. N. Wheeler, D.D. With Introduction by Professor W. C. Sawyer, Ph.D. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(16) *Edwin Forrest.* By Lawrence Barrett. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *Boston Town.* By H. E. Scudder, Author of the “Bodley Books.” Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(18) *Home Ballads.* By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(4) *The Common Sense, the Mathematics, and the Metaphysics of Money.* By J. B. Howe, Author of “Monetary and Industrial Fallacies,” &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *Appleton's Home Books.—Building a Home.* By A. F. Oakley. *Home Grounds.* By A. F. Oakley. *The Home Garden.* By Ella R. Church. *Household Hints.* By Emma W. Babcock. *Amenities of Home.* New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(6) *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.* Twenty-ninth Meeting, August 1880. Salem: the Association. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *The Figure of the Earth: an Introduction to Geodesy.* By Mansfield Merriman, Professor of Civil Engineering. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *A Memoir of Henry C. Carey.* By William Elder. Philadelphia: Baird & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

Lincoln (19), which contrives to render ridiculous even what was really great or pathetic in the story of a man whose position was far above his powers, but whose powers seemed constantly to rise towards, if never up to, the greatness of his opportunities. *St. Olaf's Kirk* (20) has merits, or it would hardly have reached a second edition, but scarcely merit enough to secure it a Transatlantic circulation. *The Consolation* (21), a treatise on death and other human calamities, will hardly console a single reader. The volumes containing Shakspeare's tragedies of *Cymbeline* and *Coriolanus* (22) complete, we are informed, a new carefully expurgated and annotated edition of Shakspeare intended for school use.

- (19) *Abraham Lincoln; the Type of American Genius: an Historical Romance.* By Rufus Blanchard. Wheaton: R. Blanchard. 1882.
 (20) *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.* By G. Houghton, Author of "Christmas Booklet," &c. Second Edition, revised. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.
 (21) *The Consolation: a Poem.* By G. Gerrard. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1881.
 (22) *Annotated English Classics.—Shakspeare's Cymbeline and Coriolanus.* With Introduction, Notes, &c. for use in Schools and Families. By the Rev. Henry N. Hudson. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1881.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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 Non-members of the Society who desire to attend should apply to the SECRETARY for a card of admission.
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